Wavelength

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Auguste Rodin
French, 1840–1917 Marble, H. 17¾ in.
17.3133, Gift of Julia Isham Taylor.
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Due to a lack of submissions our Graphic Arts Contest was cancelled for this issue. All accepted photographs and drawings will be awarded free passes to Boston film theatres.

This issue's judge of the Fiction Contest was Chet Frederick of the English Department. Born in Detroit, he received a B.A. and Ph.D at the University of Michigan, taught at Cornell and came to UMB in 1968. He has published a number of short stories over the years and is currently working on a novel.

Volume 4, No. 1 **November, 1982**

FICTION

Memories of Childhood

Laurel Dehnel

The little girl woke up early on school mornings. She preferred the hour long walk to school rather than being home waiting for the ride and the rest. She knew every tree, every cat, and every yard along the way. She never chose to take a different way to school, always straight four blocks, left for three, and then right diagonally for the long stretch. Remembering her now, it seems that this was the best way. For almost every step of the walk, she kept her mind occupied. She let herself wander only into vague fantasy, removed far from herself and seemingly into the life of another who was older than she. The walk to school, every day there and back, took so much time and yet it was not enough. There was always the return. School days blended so totally with one another that years later she would look back and remember only a very few incidents: a good friend, a rainy day spent playing in the gym when recess could not be held outdoors. All the rest had to be melted into indistinguishable time along with the rest of her childhood.

The rest of her days and weeks are remembered not for their individual character but for their particular type of pain. The most vivid memory was kept along with the rainy day recess in the gym. It seems that all her good recollections had something of him tacked onto the end. The walk home had been short, far too short for a Tuesday, when she knew her mother would be food shopping until late; too much time between the walk ending and her mother returning home; too much time on the way home for her imagination to be diverted away from the walk's end. Her escape into the familiar landscape failed her, and her stabs at fantasy only too vividly reminded her of what awaited her when she reached home. She stopped and found herself at the foot of the driveway. Occasionally, at this point, she would pause and contemplate the injustice of it all, but she was too young to comprehend it. Usually she just stepped right into it, almost too willingly. Should her thinking last too long, by the next Tuesday it would be forgotten and she would think only of wanting the walk home to last and last, not of the driveway or her mother's absence.

The front door was open. She could see the couch through the screen. It was raining, and she thought about how wet she already was and how it didn't matter that by the end she would again be soaked even further, and deeper. She did not go in the front door for that would have made it start even sooner. Maybe he would be at school or in his room gluing together his models of horror movie stars. The back porch door was inconvenient, but it had worked for her once. It was not as close to the kitchen bathroom as the side door, but if she ran she could make it without too much risk. The lock on the bathroom door was strong, and the glazed glass of the window would keep her from having to see him peer in as he taunted her. She heard the piano as she crossed the lawn heading for the back. He was home. She ran to the porch door only to hear him call to her from the side door: "Don't go to the porch door, ugly Laudie Ann, it's locked you know. Come on to the side." She yanked at the door but knew it would not give. This time she even thought of forcing the lock but that would leave proof which would never do. She ran around the house slipping on the slick, muddy lawn, and darted up the front steps, only to see the strong wooden door slam even as she opened the screen. He was so fast and always one step ahead of her. She again heard the piano melodically drifting through the living room windows. He played with such grace and tenderness. The music stopped, and from the porch door he taunted her. It was open now; who could have locked it? Why didn't she come in out of the rain? Why was she so stupid that she couldn't even work the handle on the door? On and on. She always let it continue for several doors, back and forth, before she began to cry. The tears blended with the rain that had soaked her face, and only the burning in her eyes told her that she was crying, again. Again she had let him get to her, he was so smart. She heard him now from the front door, then, from the kitchen window, he taunted her. He saw or sensed as he always did. The tears and the taunts

Her escape into the familiar landscape failed her and her stabs at fantasy only too vividly reminded her of what awaited her when she reached home . . . should her thinking last too long, by the next Tuesday it would be forgotten and she would think only of wanting the walk home to last and last, not of the driveway or her mother's absence.

came faster, louder, closer to what hurt her the most. She wondered why her father didn't come home from work early, where her other brother was, why her little sister was so safe and unharassed. She hated her mother for going shopping every Tuesday; she hated this boy who seemed to live off her pain. Most of all she hated being so little, so young and vulnerable. She promised herself that soon she would be grown up and it would all end, it had to.

When the car pulled up the driveway she was standing in front of the locked garage. Her tears had dried and she looked foolish standing in the rain, mud spattered up her leg, her books tossed by the milkbox. The doors were all unlocked now and the piano could be heard faintly through the open side door. She was the one out of sorts. Her mother was perplexed, actually angry with her for playing outside in her good school clothes instead of doing her homework like a good girl. Years later she would remember this day and the many others like it and realize that she could have told. It happened so often; so much happened all the time in front of them that they would have had to have listened to her side. Still, she knew that they could not stop the little incidents which went on daily when they were around. How could they protect her when she was alone with him? It seemed foolish to risk telling when she knew nothing could be done. Besides, he often told her how dearly she would pay for any indiscretion. And he played the piano so well, was so gifted and well thought of by all their parents' friends. It was just a stage, they assured her, and he would outgrow it soon enough.

Years went by, and he became an accomplished musician, a son to be proud of, with a family of his own. They had been right, as parents so often seem to be. It was just a stage he had gone through when he was a kid. He did grow out of it; she never has.

Robin Turin

POETRY

Jeffrey Brunner
RITUALS

i

The dead play ball in the middle
of the night.

The baskets
are long without nets.

A whistle — still,
sets them in motion;

two to nothing — a steal;
then four zip.

The crowd rises to its feet
in silent devotion.

ii

I watch
from across the street.

My dog (a Shepherd) sniffs out
an empty playground;

thin fingers of willow
nearly touch her;

her tail raises —
nose to wind;

at last a circle,
a sacred place found.

To the readers,

Not all of the poets published within these pages were entered in the Poetry Contest, therefore the winners will be honored in a separate section, as these poets are honored here.

Laura Newbold

Jeffrey Brunner
TRIAD

Drive your cart and your plow over the bones of the dead
by William Blake
from *Proverbs of Hell*

i

He pushed her.
Pushed her and pushed her

and pushed her.
Always walking straight

his right eye twitching
his lips pale and limp.

Always saying, *Mary, Mary!*
Mary have you noticed?

Mary watch your step.
Keep you feet on the ground.

There's a curve up ahead.
Mary, have you made the right decision?

ii

The sea far below the mountains
on vacation in New Zealand.

She wants to go away:
She ripped her dress

and bowed her head.
She made a mistake.

Death was not easy.
She filled it. She had to.

iii

I remember
all the way down

she kept screaming,
Kill the fucker!

Kill the fucker and burn the shoes.
So I did.

It was easy:
swollen

and out of shape
from booze every night,

passed out in his fat chair,
both eyes twitching;

I poured vodka and gasoline
over the entire room,

stole his shoes, "Gucci's:"
two hundred a pair,

and putting them on (a near perfect fit),
I set fire to his house

and left
to go dancing.

Dennis Lordan
DURING COMMERCIALS THERE ARE TALES TO SPIN

Turn your head/This way
Touch your knee/To mine
The Dragon's Eye colours/Our memories tonight . . .
Rich with adventure/We share our lives
Bring them to mind/While enDuring commercials

Lurking behind another Celtic/Time-out/
A warm and passionate smooch.
The eye tells/"It's Miller time"/
I drink of the soul you have brewed.
Right Guard can't even/Prevent this sticky feelin'/
A thick, taffy gravity pulls me to you.

Asleep under sail and a starry new moon
At the whim of the Caribbean winds
A Flying Fish smoking/A pipeful of Comfort/
Lands on your foot/Dangling off the deck
Scared to death/Crying for help!/
Your groggy uncle/Sleeping one off/
Heroically saves you from Breakfast . . .
The Green win again/With bionic vinyl wings
Spread/Floating the updrafts/
Of the high San Pedros/Dancing with a Seal/
Lost/Amidst the blues/Of the swirling, churning Pacific/
I remember the birdmen of Wyoming/The eye has jogged it/
from when a hitchhiker saw them soaring a vision of song.

Advances in Medicine/And to the hoop/
The only ones made tonight.
Forays to final papers/And love making with you/
Can wait till Rome/Comes to Timbuktu.
You can chase me out/Any night of the week
'Cuz just speaking with you Babe/Stimulates my pleasure centers
Like a San Francisco cocaine orgy.
I'm yours, very truly, Your Pal who used to watch
Television with you and be reminded of things that
Happened to him while zooming around the country
On his thumb, because silly commercial advertisements
Reminded him of this and that which actually
Occurred while roaming the highways like a homeless vagabond
Which he was and always will be in his heart.
He told me to say he is buried beneath too many nights
Of television and too many nights breathing city air
And too many days working nine to five, and too many poems
That avoid rhyme because reality has absorbed his adolescence.

Mique Keller
THE CHARLATAN

Laughing ice
dives into the night
and slips
on sheets of hot plastic

metallic waves
wash away
a man trapped
in a woman's coat

Out of her pocket
pours
sand,
and unsealed letters

from up her sleeve
fall
tealeaves,
and the rim of a charlatan cup

Her veil is lifted!
she clicks her heels
a swift flies out of its chimney

Len Haley
(untitled)

The spice rack in the kitchen, made of wood,
Has one shelf deep enough to hold our rings,
Deposited with care when those things good
Enough to keep get in the way of things
Important only in a day's routine.
I put mine down around yours when it's there
And, doing so, reflect on if I mean
To symbolize proximity we share
Or to protect you, somehow, by a hex
These small, gold, hammered circles might create.
Or brood about the power some aspects
Of marriage store for pain by love or hate.
Yet, there they sit, two gold, concentric rings;
Infinity contained in finite things.

Julie Robbins
WHEN A MERMAID LOVES A MORTAL

We danced in noiseless aqua pools.
Time stepped aside
and allowed us our pleasure.

You were the green-eyed mirror image
of my soul,
my Gemini.

I filled your lungs with emeralds
and the world was glistening and magnificent until
you tried to break
the water's surface,
I held on,

then you were still.

Laura Newbold
AURICLE

Before
the swallow
after
the suck.

the mouth
a slit —
opening
a circle.

Hands and feet
ignite
fins and wings
in distance
beat time.

In time
the blood
calls out
an echo
a vision
piercing spheres.

The lips
fixed on fire
the face
on stars
the blood
memory.

ANTH CI02

a sac
in a room —
in a laboratory.

a skull
of a small woman —
three and a half million years old.

a spear
shooting
into her womb.

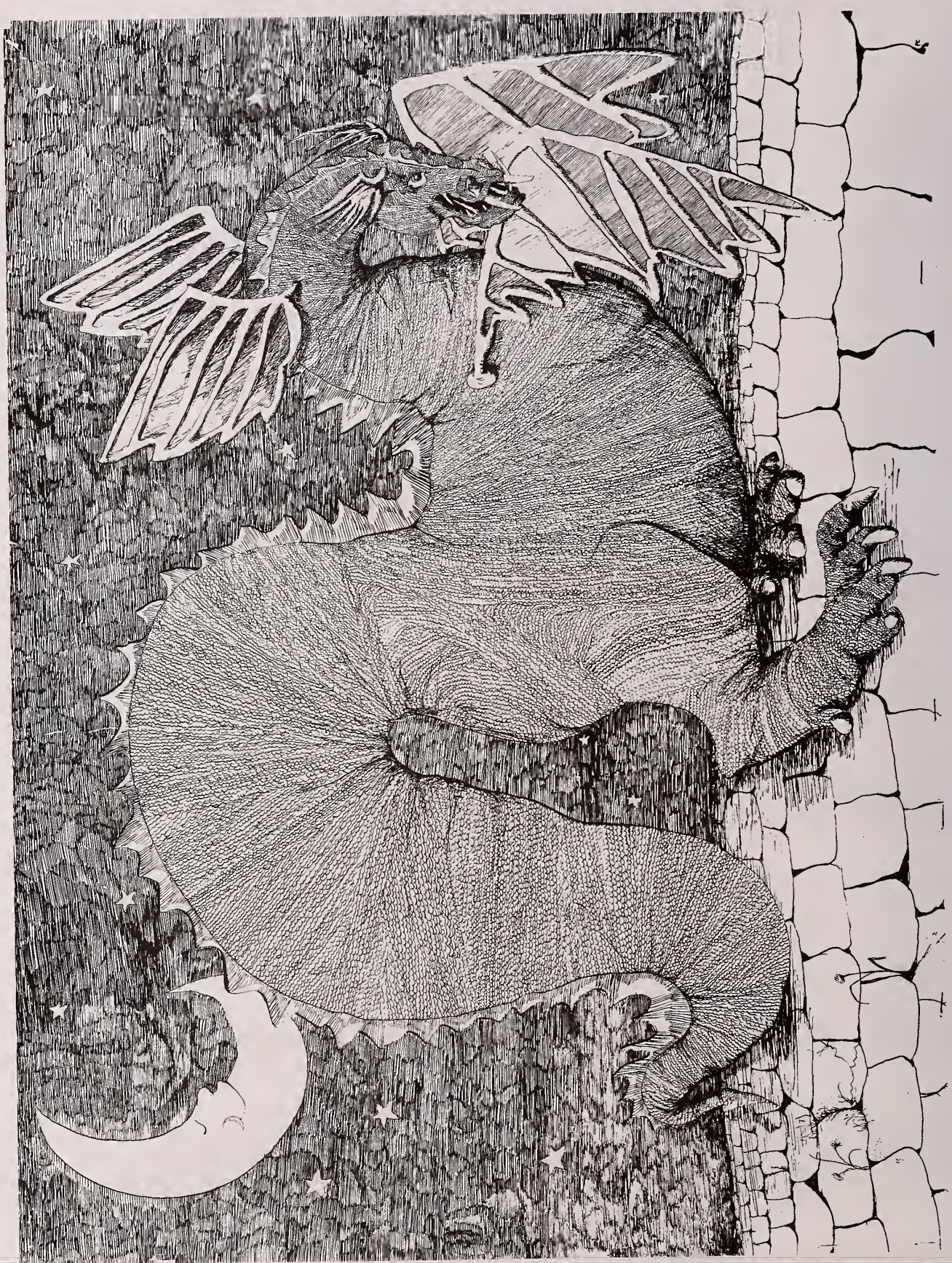
a sky
full of tears
that explode.

Allison Hurley
the intricacies of birthing poems underwater

the dispossessed
savage underlings
clawing and tearing at legs
like starving cats.
hated offspring
whipping and pummelling to death
their ragged little bodies.
my breasts are filled with sand
swollen and sagging
they can such no more from me.
no room for their howling and screeching
talking with their mouths full
those tiny mouths
choking on frothing saliva.
nervous little stars full of black energy
stealing every moment of peace and shivering sunlight.
when they laid beaten bruised
and silent at last —
a thick drugged calm covers my mind
slowly enveloping
and extinguishing the flames of birthing.
children dead mother drunken and drowning still
in the amniotic fluid of their afterthought.

gitanes

My body is cool, glowing
in the blue filtered darkness.
Smoke rises from my lips
like intimate conversation.
Promise of release, held fast
between shaking fingers.
Lungs contract to the invasion
of bitter nicotine,
as if some small laughter
were caught there.
Letting go,
feeling the heart beat madly.
Smoke seduces
its gray-blue tendrils
climbing among my curls.
I can hear her restless
trying to escape hot summer sheets,
instinctively searching for the cool spot
the empty place.
I bring the cigarette to my lips
sucking a deep and long thought
my cigarette glows, as if it were love
breathing on its own.



Night Dragon by Paula Carleton

Louise Lasson

Sometimes I'll be sitting here
waiting for the sun to set,
the wind will send whispered warnings
muffled by the curtains
already heavy with Dorchester filth,
nostalgic nudges to my stomach
like when I read your poetry.

When I come home
and the bedroom door's closed,
how do I know
you're really behind it?

Mary E. Ritchie
OBITUARY

I was born on Friday the 13th, 1961
dark, gloomy rain was pouring down.
This would be the day I decide to leave.
I will take my mind, destroy it.
I have to, I have no alternative.
My mind will die, but my body will remain.
My mind was good, but
conflicts are starving my brain cells.
They slowly deteriorate; don't worry,
there is no pain, pain is physical.

The day has come, today, right now.
I must leave, please forgive me.
My selfishness is overwhelming.
The rain is falling, darkness
is setting in.
I have to leave now, Bye.

My eyes saw them today, the people.
They came to visit me, I saw
flowers, candy and cards.
They saw my body; did I tell
you that they lost my mind?
I can't remember.

G.W. LaFrancis
INSIDE STRAIGHT

When your cards
are dealt
from the bottom
of the
deck,
winning becomes
a matter of just
staying in
the game.

Patrick von Wittnau
BULLFROG

But I swam! Just yesterday I did with
those two fins — now gone. Following the
school through murky waters deep, I had
but to keep my appointed position. Avoiding
dangers beneath the ponds warm watery
blanket, I danced about the weeds, I did!
I was a long slender fish of considerable
speed. I was! But now these twisted green
limbs protrude, growing, pushing out.
Uncontrollable stigmas coax me: lift me,
driving upward into the cool unknown. My
gills are blocked! Air! I grasp for life!
Air! Writhing, wriggling, groping with
myself I rise defiant. Inhaling for the
first time — I am. I can survive. I will not
die! Wind beats upon my altered face. Eyes
blink and close on a sojourn to the
center. Precocious limbs seize the unknown
as I pull with newly discovered forces, till
I am free from the engulfing waters. Reborn.

Andy Meier
"NEWLAND", 1969–1970

Ratcheting sockets
Twelve hours through
Straight stretches,
Within thick, squeezing heat,
Filling the vast metal shed,
Rowed with autopsied and
Resuscitated turbojet
Engines which felt nothing,

The rest on our separate
Seventh days (ass assigned)
Ended when the sun settled
Between the breasted hills
of Vayama and Samesan,
It would then come,
At that hour,
Arousal to ride to "Newland,"

Ten kilometers Eastwards,
Hacked out of the leafage,
Paved on an expanding plan,
The Thai officialdom
Declared this as "Newland,"
For those people to go,
And we went, reasons (y' know),

Out beyond the day rules,
Made porous at the gate,
The bus absorbed the seepage
And peeled off for the
Passenger's coming pleasure,
With bell-blossom garlands
On his rearview mirror.
And a plastic bag of tea
Swinging with a straw,
Hanging from some hook,

A blood cooling, cold, wet
Cloth on his neck,
The soul of assurance
Erect behind the wheel,

On a two laned highway,
Unlit green and black,
High rump hills and
Random curves coming on,
The sport at high speed
Was to bypass truck groups
While thrusting up a hill,

In no special way,
Just off to the side,
Newland glowed warm
Under roof eaves,
With recroaching leaves
Sheltering skin bars,

Phoneticized rock music
Joined beer mouths to makeups,
Consummations in row sheds
Behind the display bars,
Lined along sluice-waste
Concrete trenches,
With or without
Selection's ritual,
The pairs departed
And returned with
The parting rituals,
In between felt the
Stroking and sweats,
Moan feints and grunting,
Standard cigarette smoking
While watching fat rats
Waddle along the tops
of the partitions,

Each woman the property
Of the house,
By parental sale,
Personal need,
As in mouths to feed,
Or pros out of Bangkok,
Not hot on their luck,
Men: property of the base,
Unless they too for life,
Or the duration,
Were professional,
and all the amateurs
Ground around in between,
Out on the street,
For Kowpoht to eat,
Hand holding under
The eyes of the King's police,
Simply not allowed
Without the walls,
Unless one was kh'toi,
(That is:boy to boy)

And the stores selling this,
And the venders selling that,
With the street-sold meats:
Scrawny chicken on a stick,
Coated, chicken livers on slivers,
Or a rollered, roasted, salted squid,
(Tear its flesh off in strips),

And all the things GIs never ate,
On the open raised platform,
Inside Newland's gate,
Sparkling Thai dancers
Radiating in costume,
And their musicians
Trying desperately,
to change the subject.

Catherine Wright
SOME WORDS

Some words are plastic
and never move.
Flexible,
with highly adaptive wills,
the words arch
and are utterly permissible.
Some words are different.
They preserve the forests,
and take me along a river
on a canoe
to my island. . .
where only I am free.
Some words are plastic
and never move.
Those words never turn to tears.

PARADIGM

I am the burning moon,
the smooth stones,
and the heart of the desert.
I am the song of the stars,
a lazy water lily,
and a grasshopper chewing on a leaf.
I am the ominous silence after thunder,
the volcano's wrath,
and the fall of night.

Cindy Schuster
THE PEOPLE OF COURSE

Documentation.
The words pass; they are
whips.

> There are 10,000 dead this week in Beirut.
> Streets of shattered glass.
> In this war even the air
> falls off

Footnotes.
The more I listen the more
the stripes on my back grow
bloody and swell. My forehead the buzz
of sirens. I begin to sweat
statistics.

> Arms deals with Chile South Africa Argentina.
> Nicaragua under Somoza.
> The words stick, like
> bayonets.

The people of course
are not the government.
It is simple political betrayal.
History denied,
the words taken
right out of our mouths
our signatures forged in black
ink. It is the irony
of apocalypse; the cynical shrug
of shoulders. It is not
what we are about.

"To save even one human life is the greatest possible mitzvah."*

The words fall
like bodies
on the mean
concrete sidewalks
of Beirut.

*mitzvah: Hebrew/Yiddish for good deed, commandment, holy act.

Norma Reppucci
FOR JOHN

The deep blue in your eyes
covers the pupils
so that there's no entrance.

I've absolved my sins
enlightened myself
and it makes no difference.

It's like the night
you came down the Cape to see me.
I took a shower trying not to sweat.

You were late,
your hair was messed
from being somewhere.

We walked the beach
stopping at breaker rocks
as if they were cafe tables.

When you left there wasn't a star
in the sky that didn't look distant
as your car followed mine

to the edge of town.
You waved goodbye,
I beeped my horn and waited

until the red sparks
of your taillights disappeared
then turned back checking

my rear view mirror
out of habit.

Don McHugh
SUFFERING — CATHOLIC STYLE

I suffer so much and so well every day,
I suppose I'll go to heaven with little delay.

But I've read Your brochures and heard all the hype,
And frankly, God, I don't think I'm Your type.

I've never had time for love and good works;
It's so much easier to dwell on my quirks.

I'm not well liked, and have no true friend;
Even my mate seems to pretend.

I neither sing, dance, nor play on the harp;
With halo and wings I just wouldn't look sharp.

In Your holy harbor I could never be moored;
Since there's never a storm, I'd most surely be bored.

So when I drop out of this redundant rat race,
If you don't mind, Lord, I'd prefer that other place.

I know it will suit me oh so well,
If it's anything at all like my own little hell.

W. Wells
"HATCH," THE MAN SAYS

Though I always raise my voice
for individual choice,
it might be more attractive
if selectively retroactive:
I mean, so Orrin
Could be un-borrin.
Failing that, if I had the authority
I'd grant him and his puerile majority
a thoroughly merited terminal grace:
to pass all eternity face to face
with a vision of bliss, in the ultimate realms,
in the image and likeness of Jesse Helms.

Julie Robbins
ON EARTH, AS IT IS IN HEAVEN

Going to the Roman Catholic Church
with my best friend,
was like being inside of my jewelry box.
Even the pop-up ballerina had its counterpart:
the crucifix,

where I knelt and fervently prayed
that the parish couldn't tell
I was a Jew,
that my mother
wouldn't call me at Donna Maria's house.

But it was worth every risk:
to feel the velvet cushion beneath my knees,
to think of Mary's hair
beneath that blue, mysterious veil.

I even took the Host,
knowing I'd go to Hell,
thinking I'd be struck down.

Still, I basked
in the colored sunlight through the stained glass,
and let the gold-studded walls and ceiling
spin me all around.

Laura Newbold '81

FICTION WINNER 1st

Getting Wet

Abigail Hope

Mrs. Hammerstein did not feel quite at home with the new life until her first day at the pool. The crackle of her vinyl bag, as she dug out her swimsuit, was the only sound in the changing room. She was glad she had some privacy. She sat down on the wooden bench and fit her feet through the leg-holes of the suit.

She had paid dearly, with a broken pelvis, for this condominium in Miami. She had been crossing the street on her way home from the delicatessen, just as she had every day for years, when she was struck. She was flung back into the curb, unresisting as a rag doll. Her shopping bag flew from her clutching hands, its contents scattering across the street.

The menace to society who had hit her with his big shiny car had been most concerned, calling the hospital daily. Mrs. Hammerstein's son, a lawyer, had made sure that the man paid through the nose.

Now, with a triumphant motion, Mrs. Hammerstein yanked the suit up over her buttocks. The suit neatly compressed her sagging hips, and she felt well-buttressed, ready to face her neighbors gathered around the pool.

During her convalescence in the hospital she had often dreamt about how she would spend the money. In the beginning, all of her dreams seemed unfocused. Images of a younger self danced in slow motion with grace, weightlessness. She dreamt that she was rid of the sagging skin, the gnarled, arthritic bones, the useless body. When Mrs. Hammerstein knew she was not going to die, she realized that what she wanted most was youth, vitality, Ponce de Leon's paradise. She would live in comfort and ease, and grow young again.

She sighed. It wasn't paradise, but her new life was at least different from her old one in New York. She eased the broad straps over her shoulders, hands rising to pat her hairdo. Her next appointment wasn't until next week. She had better wear the bathing cap after all.

She walked from the changing rooms toward the heated pool. The scents of coconut oil and chlorine wafted on the air, and she followed them to the poolside.

Small groups of her neighbors lay in lounge chairs, gossiping about their grandchildren. A few dangled their legs over the edge of the pool, but none were swimming. Good. She would have it all to herself.

Mrs. Hammerstein set down her

Now as she took a step her knee jarred. She recoiled from its stiffness and her flesh shook. Every movement Mrs. Hammerstein made reminded her that she was gradually falling apart, taking a step towards death.

On the ground floor of her building were a supermarket, a hairdresser, a drugstore and doctors and dentists. She was entitled to the use of a sauna, steamroom, whirlpool, and two swimming pools, heated and unheated. Her next-door neighbor had told her that for the last six months it hadn't been necessary for her to leave the complex once. At first it had been a huge effort just for Mrs. Hammerstein to relax, to slow down to the tempo of those around her. People here mostly played bingo and did needle work.

She checked her bag to be sure she had remembered her knitting, and stood up. The broken bones had mended well and in the heat her arthritis hardly bothered her. But mobility was still a problem, even though she hardly ever had to leave the complex. Now as she took a step her knee jarred. She recoiled from its stiffness and her flesh shook. Every movement Mrs. Hammerstein made reminded her that she was gradually falling apart, taking a step towards death.

J. Sebastian

bag and took out her new bathing cap which matched her suit. She pulled it over her hairdo with great care, being sure not to disarrange its rubber flowers. She removed her bathing slippers and then planned her approach. She walked around the narrow side of the kidney-shaped pool to the ladder at its shallow end. She stood, rooted, gripping both railings tightly until the sweat from her palms had made them slippery.

The water, sparkling in the sun, was brilliant blue. On the bottom of the pool, in tiles of azure, ivory and gold, she could see a picture of a naked god, Neptune, she thought, ringed by mermaids. She stepped down to the first rung of the ladder. The water was several degrees warmer than the humid air. It felt like her bath, comforting, familiar. She took another step down. As it received her she became weightless, graceful, buoyed up by the water. Mrs. Hammerstein slid in up to her neck and smiled. The water seemed to lift her hips, up, up, up, like a delectable offering, until she was parallel to Neptune.

II.

Anna stood facing the Atlantic ocean, sprayed by icy, salt-smelling foam. She was ten and tall for her age, with finely boned hands and long tangled hair. She wore a hugging navy tank suit which felt warm against her skin because it had absorbed so much sun.

Further up the sand near the dunes her mother lay baking. Anna had just come from the blanket next to her. Her mother and the blanket and the sand were all the same color, so when Anna had first opened her eyes, she thought her mother had disappeared. Bright spots had spun in her head until her eyes adjusted to the glare of the sun on the sand and the sea. The heat had been a great weight, pressing her body into the sand, and the sound of the waves made her dizzy until she could sit up and breathe again.

She still felt sluggish and slightly nauseous, as if she were back on that ride at the fair last fall when her friend Suzanne had made her stay for a second turn, and now she was just waiting for it to stop so she could feel the ground under her feet again.

How fresh the cold water would feel! But something made her hesitate, shivering involuntarily despite the heat and the sweat that patterned the back of her neck and knees. In the waves floated tough, slimy seaweed, with long tendrils which would encircle her legs, pulling against her in the undertow. The water was dark green, opaque and foamy. Anna did not like being unable to see her own feet. Suppose some large fish should swim in close to shore and bite her! The seaweed reminded her of the fish.

Anna took a deep breath and then three leaps forward into the spray. She halted. The cold of it felt like darts shooting into her ankles. Her feet ached from it, and then a wave came, covering her legs up to mid-thigh. Then her feet and legs were numb, except for bracelets of ice around her thighs where the water met air. As the wave receded, the sand buried her feet, making sucking sounds when Anna lifted them to walk out deeper with the pull.

Looking out over the water, Anna thought of the old myth about the world being flat, and sailboats tumbling over the edge. The ocean looked smooth and glossy further out. How wonderful it would be to float out there, rocked by the small beginnings of waves. Anna could plainly see the curve of the horizon, and the round shape it gave the earth. Still, she remembered pictures of the old maps people painted when they believed the world was flat, and the strange, spiny fishes that filled their seas.

The water clasped her waist now, and she could not see her legs at all. She stood awkwardly, hands lifted above the waves.

As the next wave came, Anna turned her back to search for her mother's shape in the dunes. Her eyes swept the sand where they had been lying, and she found the bright yellow cooler marking the spot, but where was her mother? The wave surprised her, but she leaned into it anyway, letting it lift her feet and drop her gently backwards.

She stood and looked again. Her mother was sitting up now, and her arm waved lazily towards Anna. Anna waved back.

She had gotten wet now, all except her head and hands. Now, on the next wave. Anna breathed deeply as the wave came in, rearing up. Just in front of her it began to curl, almost ready to break. She shut her eyes, thought of seaweed and dived.

J. Sebastian

FICTION
WINNER 2nd

The Spring

Olga Solomita

You told me a story once, not so long ago. You told me a story as we lay side by side, our feet cold under the covers. Do you remember the story you told me as we rubbed our feet against each other to warm them? We were in that musty Inn on the Island, in that room, that big room. It was too big, so we curled in that bed attempting to enclose the space around us. The February wind blew against the loose window panes. We were tired from a day of walking on cliffs, from the smell of the sea, from the continual shifting of winter light. And we lay there in the bed, and you told me a story of when you were a boy, a young boy, younger than you are now. It had to do with a woman, your father's girlfriend, the young one. "It was just a stage he was going through," you said. "He had just got divorced and he was hanging out with all these women who were twenty years younger."

You went on a trip, the three of you. Your father wanted you to come, and your friend was going to come too, but he couldn't at the last minute. So you went alone. The three of you. You were fourteen.

When you got to the campsite it was already dark, and you had been drinking wine in the back seat. They had been drinking wine. She especially had been drinking wine. Your father began to set up the tent. She asked you if you wanted to go for a swim in the hot spring. And your father said to go ahead. So you went down to the warm water, and she followed closely behind you. And you didn't really notice her. You were drunk, you said. You felt warm inside and were thinking of the spring. So you took off your outer clothes, and waded into the warmth, alone. You couldn't really see too well. She was splashing you, and you laughed with her as you tried to keep your balance. When you fell over, she came to you and lifted you to your feet, her hands on your thin waist. She didn't let go, that is not until afterwards, when your father called you from a few feet away. " 'Eli, Eli, please come out from the water now.' " His voice shook.

"I didn't know what I was doing," you said turning sharply in our bed. "She seduced me." I felt your legs tighten next to mine. "I was fourteen. She seduced me."

"That bitch," I said. But I knew why she had done it.

And you tried to bring yourself from the spring, and the water seemed heavy before your legs. You could see in the dark the figure of a man, moving frantically about on the shore, kicking out the newly made fire with his foot, picking up the few pots and pans that were for your dinner. Then he grabbed her and they vanished into the tent. You heard their voices, you said.

" 'Why did you?' "

" 'Why did I what?' "

" 'How could you?' "

" 'How could I what? . . . Look I'm sorry. Why don't we just forget it.' "

" 'Forget it, how? What the hell is going on around here? God. What the hell is going on around here?' "

Wading in small circles you brought your hands to your face and fell backwards becoming submerged beneath all sound, and light. You stayed until the necessity to breathe lifted you to the cold air again, and you heard your father's voice.

" 'Eli, Eli. Come on we're going home.' "

The earth was damp, and small rocks pricked your barefeet. He threw a towel over your shoulders and rubbed his hand across your back, quickly. You turned towards him, but he turned in the darkness walking away. " 'Come on, get dressed, and get into the car.' "

Nobody spoke. You sat in the back seat looking out the back window with specks of light. It began to rain. The ride was long and you were queasy. When you closed your eyes her hands moved to your back and ran up and down your spine, your head spun. Opening your eyes you saw the rain against the window and the silence in the front seat. Again you closed your eyes and there was noise in the dark water turning around you.

You shuddered awake, cold and sweating as the door slammed shut. She walked up a path to a small house hidden behind some trees.

You sat at the end of the table in the brightly lit kitchen. He paced the floor without raising his head.

"He couldn't even look at me," you said. "He hadn't looked at me since we first got to the campsite. Then he just started spurting out these questions at me."

" 'How could you do this to me?' "

"I didn't know what I was doing," you said, turning sharply in our bed. "She seduced me." I felt your legs tighten next to mine. "I was fourteen. She seduced me."

" 'I'm sorry.' "

" 'How could you?' "

" 'I didn't know what I was doing,' " and you started to cry.

" 'What do you mean you didn't know what you were doing'," and he started to cry.

" 'Dad, I'm sorry. I slipped, and she— I didn't know. It just happened. She did it.' "

" 'But you both did it. Oh my God.' "

And you cried harder.

" 'How could you hurt me like this. Why do you want to hurt me? Is it the divorce?' "

" 'No, no I didn't. I didn't mean it. She's a jerk. She's so different than Mo—,' " and you stopped yourself short. And then he looked at you. " 'I didn't mean it,' " you said, unable now to look at him. " 'I'm sorry.' "

He left the room, you said. And you waited for him to come back. You rested your head on the table and fell asleep.

He was sitting next to you when he shook you gently awake. He ran his hand along your head.

" 'I believe you,' " he said looking in your eyes. " 'I believe you. Lets forget it. Lets not ever talk about it.' "

"And we haven't," you said. "We haven't."

I turned away. You pulled me towards you wiping the tears from my eyes. Do you remember? We were warm then. The wind seemed far away. The house was quiet. The cliffs, the sea, the shifting light had embraced the darkness. We had enclosed the space around us, submerged in the violet black night beneath the covers.

Do you remember? It was not so long ago.

Betsy Wirth

POETRY CONTEST WINNERS

Wavelength Magazine is pleased to announce that the winner of the Fall Poetry Contest is Norma Repucci for her poem "Carl's Pagoda." Second prize went to Cindy Schuster for "Burnt Pages," while third prize was awarded to Peter McCaffery for "Family Tree." In addition, an honorable mention was awarded to G.W. LaFrancis' "For Richard Brautigan."

This issue's judge was Ron Schreiber of the English Department faculty, and one of the editors of *Hanging Loose*. His most recent book is *False Clues*, published by Calamus Books.

Norma Repucci
CARL'S PAGODA

We took a cab to Chinatown
where restaurant fans hissed
streams of white smoke
onto the streets.
In the restaurant we ate oysters
shrimp and steaming rice.

A great fish stared out
through shredded ginger,
pure white and sweet.
I remembered
someone telling me once,
"There are only two things
that smell like fish
and one of them is fish."

Carl served the fish
while you and he discussed
the price of a bushel of clams
He reminded me of Mr. Anthony
in the T.V. series *The Millionaire*,
he'd give a million dollars away
to strangers each week
and watched their failures
become success overnight.

I want success, I want it
to fit as smoothly as Carl
slit the fish; boning it perfectly
with no sign of effort. We left
and after a few blocks
you hailed a cab. I sat back
and saw the fish lying on its side
in a dish bordered by red roses.

I remembered a story
about the Pharisees
questioning a cured blind man.
They wanted his opinion.
They asked if Jesus
was a sinner.
He answered "All I know
is before I was blind
and now I can see."

Laura Newbold

Cindy Schuster
BURNT PAGES

Losing
everything I am harassed by
violent sexuality and
threatening restaurant glasses I want to smash
them fling the putrid steaming meat
in his face grind
the salt and pepper shakers into
shrapnel load them in my machine gun and
fire convulsively into the crowd.
I walk out and board the bus
each look killing another with gaping mouth.
There is a quiet one watching making no move
to touch his weapon.
He is the only one I will leave
standing.

POETRY CONTEST WINNERS

Peter McCaffery
FAMILY TREE

I

Waiting for the main thing
As though it were some streaking, streamlined
Bullet of a trolley car
Steaming down the tracks like a star
Pure shell and hot energy.
I know its target is my chest:
Some round bullet hole the ol'
Topeka-Santa Fe could fit through-
Either that or the whole damn engine
Pokin' out through my vest-
It's not something I entirely look forward to.

We are here
Where we've always been
At the crisis, the apex, the croix-de-guerre:

Sitting on the limb of some dazzling tree
Silhouetted against the moon
Waiting for a stairway to open
Or a ladder to descend lightly
In the bright, beautiful breath
Of sky, wishing all the while
A beam of light
Would aim us up there.

II

Long enough we have lived in the tiger's mouth.
He knows us and respects us.
He fears as much as we
The horrifying, imminent death
Of jaws and teeth.
He tastes our taste
Our taste is fearful.

We ask
Whoever will rescue us
Only that
You do not send us home.

G.W. LaFrancis
FOR RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

I know a
laundromat,
where the
dryers
are free and
every other Wed.,
they serve spaghetti
(garlic bread red
wine white plate
s red checkered
tablecloths not
plastic).
There is a hitch;
outside, it always
rains.

Paula Carleton

FICTION

The Lost Daughter

T. Marchetti

She told everybody who knew she was pregnant that she lost the baby. Besides the attending doctors and nurses, only two people knew that she actually had an abortion — the father, because she thought he had a right to know, and her very best friend.

During the short time she was pregnant, she was very sick, all day and all night. However, as soon as she left the hospital, after the abortion, she felt energetic and joyful not to have constant nausea. She was once again free from having to stay close to a bathroom. Within a week she had lost the ten pounds she had gained and all her clothes fit her well. Her body felt flexible, agile and light as the breeze to her.

But her spirit was heavy with guilt, not only because she had the abortion but also because she felt so well. She thought that she should still be tired, that she should still be sick, still be pale, bloated, fat and ugly, that she should still carry the signs of being pregnant, at least for a little while. She couldn't believe that all evidence of her baby could be wiped out so fast.

She wanted to mourn for her baby, but how could she mourn for something that seemed as if it had never existed? She wondered about the baby — if it were a boy or girl, if it looked like her, if it forgave her. She began to think she had been selfish, that she thought only of her life and her career, not at all of her own child. She tried to justify the abortion to herself by telling herself the child would have been unhappy living with her, that they would have spent the rest of their lives in dire poverty and would have grown to hate each other. But this reasoning didn't work. She knew that just because she couldn't give the baby luxuries was no reason to kill it. She grew afraid that she was really a bad person and would surely go to hell. She wondered if she could have managed to support them both and decided that she probably could have if she really had wanted to. So, she promised herself that if she ever became pregnant again she would keep the baby.

Lori Moretti

She continued thinking about the baby almost all the time. Everywhere she went she walked around in a daze, daydreaming about how life would be with the baby. It didn't make a difference if it were a boy or a girl. She would keep all its clothes fresh and soft. She imagined talking to it and playing with it. She could even imagine the hard times: the times when the baby fell down and banged its head, the times when the baby had mashed-peas for dinner and she had nothing because she had no money, the times when the baby stayed up all night and cried. And, in fact, the baby did stay up all night and cry. She felt very much like a mother because that baby lived with her every minute of every day, just like live babies do. And, sometimes she stayed awake all night, listening to the sounds of the baby's screams as it was torn away from its mother, its body being ripped apart into a sea of blood. Sometimes even all the people around her during the day couldn't drown out the sound of the baby's cry, and she, herself, would break down and cry. Sometimes she cried all night right along with the baby until she dropped asleep from exhaustion.

She once again became tired and weak. Her skin grew pale, except for the dark circles under her eyes. She often forgot to eat, and, when she remembered, she could only swallow a few mouthfuls. She tried to talk to the father about the baby, but he was feeling his own grief and wanted to ignore it. Her best friend couldn't understand and told her she shouldn't dwell on it. The mother couldn't mourn for her child like other mothers could. She couldn't get sympathy or understanding from anyone. She was trapped in her world of secrets by herself.

One night, after crying herself to sleep, she began to have a dream; or at least it started like a dream. It started out with her riding a train, and, then she began changing places rapidly, as people sometimes do in dreams. She went from being on the train to being in a clothes

store, to a bookstore and then walking around outside. It was a brisk autumn day and the sky was bright blue, except for a few puffy white clouds. The next thing she knew, she was playing football in the park with a group of her friends. Everybody was running out complicated plays and yelling out directions and warnings to each other. But it was all good fun, the most fun she had had in a long time. After awhile, she found a replacement for herself and decided to sit out a few plays. She brushed off the sweat from her forehead with her sweater sleeve as she took a place far from the game, under a baring maple tree. She was having as much fun watching as she had playing, when she saw a family strolling alongside the field. She barely noticed the parents, but the little girl caught her eye.

The girl roamed toward her and sweetly said hello. She was dressed in a plaid jumper, a white shirt with a round collar, white tights and black patent leather shoes. Her hair was full of banana curls, and she had bows on each side of her head. She was only about eight years old, but she showed an odd kind of maturity in her face. The world around them became hazy, and the woman could only concentrate on the little girl who almost seemed to glow. The woman smiled at the girl admiringly and tried to say hello when the girl started talking.

"I'm your daughter," she said warmly. The woman knew this was true in an instant. The girl continued to explain. "It was too soon for me to go back home. So God sent me back here to someone else. I just came here to let you know I really am O.K. My parents are really nice people. They love me, and take good care of me, and make sure I have all the things I need. But you're a good mother too. It would have been different with you. I mean, we would've had lots of fun, and you would've let me wear jeans and clogs, and play baseball if I wanted."

The woman felt very proud of her daughter, of what a beautiful little girl she was, and very honored that she felt this way about her.

The girl heard her parents call. Before she left, she smiled, touched her mother's hand and said, "I just wanted you to understand." Then she turned and skipped away.

Yes, daughter, I understand.

WAVELENGTH MAGAZINE

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PHOTO ESSAY

Self Portrait

by Rosalyn Olick

FICTION

Lillian's New Year

Arthur Lipkin

Ron Davis

Lillian awoke before she opened her eyes. The persistent dread, the sinking and hollowing of her chest, she was aware of before anything else. She tried to breathe deeply, hoping the regularity would put her back to sleep. Then she rolled onto her left side from her back and stuck her head in the crook of her elbow, sliding her forearm under the pillow. She breathed in and out. She drew her legs up toward her breasts and felt her knees pull her cotton nightgown taut from her shoulders.

She thought of the day outside the drawn windowshades of her large bedroom. It would be bright and a bit warm. There would be a cool mid-September breeze, though. The leaves would be tired green, ready to give up in a rush of beauty and fall. In her suburban New York neighborhood, the streets, lined with dignified tudor houses, would be quiet for awhile in the early morning. Instead of the usual bustle of the work-day—husbands, driven to the station; children, picked up for school; wives, headed for shopping or beautifying; repairmen and housecleaners, arriving—there would be apparent calm. Lillian's neighborhood was almost entirely Jewish, and, on the morning of Rosh Hashana, the New Year, families were eating modest peaceful breakfasts. The kids would be thinking about what they were missing in school or fussing with neckties or hats and veils that they seldom had occasion to wear. The fathers were probably searching in drawers under socks and briefs for the small velvet bags in which their prayer shawls were folded away, to be used only twice a year.

"Or maybe more," Lillian thought, "if there were a funeral to go to. But no. That's not right. They don't have to wear tallises to funerals. Just yarmulkas."

She rose from the bed and walked across the plush robin's egg carpet to the windows. She knelt on the window seat in the large bay and raised a narrow white shade on a side window so its blue fringe was level with her nose and then looked out.

"Just as I thought," she mused. "Sunny as hell." She noted the forsythia at the side of the house. "And there's a breeze too. But it won't matter. It'll still be hot in the balcony and they'll argue about whether to open a window." But then she caught herself. "What am I thinking? There are no balconies anymore."

She sat on the window seat and let her back fall against the broad unraised shade of the center window. It crinkled around her head and shoulders and set off her beauty like a foil. Lillian's hair was long and black with spatterings of gray. Her brows were heavy; her nose, strong. The expression of her gray eyes, always somewhat startled, was, on this day, fearful and sad. Her skin was dark and smooth, not that of a fifty-six year old woman. She stared across the room at an antique whorled walnut dresser and thought of the balcony in the old synagogue in Boston where she had gone as a child. It had been built three-quarters of the way around the room. Only at the front, where the platform was, was there no overhanging balcony for the women.

There were three levels of seats in the balcony, long, dark wooden benches. When she was very little, if Lillian got there early, she could step carefully down the steep unvarnished stairs to the front row, where her mother would sit, plunk down at the end of the bench, and slide as far as she wanted, back and forth. But they were rarely early. Her mother walked the two miles from their six-family house to the synagogue very slowly. Most New Years, they were among the last to arrive. Lillian would climb the two long flights to the balcony quickly, enter through the arched swinging doors, and discover the women's section nearly full. Instead of waiting for her mother to catch up with her, she would walk lightly along the length of the creaky floorboards to the end opposite the seats where she and her mother were expected to sit. She could see the space waiting.

Lillian would make her way back slowly, around the entire sweep of the balcony, stopping to greet everyone she knew. "Happy New Year," she would say, stooping to kiss many of the older women, friends of her grandmother.

"How are you, darling?" they would ask. "You look wonderful, thank God." And they would squeeze her cheek or pat her hair and sometimes turn to someone next to them and say, "That's Razel Rabinowitz's granddaughter, Lil-

She sat on the window seat and let her back fall against the broad unraised shade of the center window. It crinkled around her head and shoulders and set off her beauty like a foil. . . .

lian. Isn't she a beautiful girl? If Razel's Benny could only be alive to see her!"

They never introduced her as Ethel Cohen's daughter. They had no affection for her mother, she knew. But that was no impediment to her progress around the balcony. She stopped and said hello, glancing up now and then to see if her mother had reached their section yet. And, when she had, Lillian interrupted her greetings, and hurried over to take her seat with her.

From that seat in the front row, Lillian could watch the tops of the men's heads. There were many in yarmulkas and some in fedoras. Lillian wondered if the bald men preferred hats because they stayed on better. She rose and sat at all the appropriate times in the service, and she followed the prayers as well as she could in the English translation in her prayerbook. Her grandmother knew the Hebrew words, but not what they meant; her mother knew only a few phrases in Hebrew by rote.

When Lillian got bored she concentrated on the ritual being performed on the platform below. They removed the Torah scrolls from a cabinet behind a bejewelled curtain with lions rampant and the Ten Commandments. The scrolls would be carried through the congregation to be kissed. Lillian liked that. Each man (they never brought the Torah upstairs) touched the scroll with a corner of his prayer shawl and then kissed the cloth.

And, of course, there was much singing. Some prayers were just droned and mumbled, but the good ones were sung by everyone, or in response to the plaintive voice of the cantor, brought from New York for the High Holy Days. Lillian was deeply moved by the pleading and the sorrow of his chanting words she did not understand. She deliberately would not look at the translation.

There was one prayer, however, that she did know the literal meaning of. It was the one that all of the women cried at, and even, she saw from her vantage point, some of the men. The prayer told that on the New Year it was written who would suffer and who would prosper, who would be sick and who, healthy, who would live and who would die. And on the Day of Atonement, a week later, the prayer said, the fate would be sealed.

"And my mother," Lillian thought, rising from the window seat, "in the middle of all those weeping women, would be the saddest. Ethel Cohen was certain every year that her fate would be the most miserable. And my poor father would look up at my mother from his seat on the first floor and weep too, because he knew what she was thinking."

Lillian's father was an accepting man, she thought, even when he was dying of cancer twenty-five years after her mother's death. He worked hard being a tailor and never had much to show for it. Unlike his brother, who made suits for Boston politicians, Lillian's father was not so successful. His craft was adequate, but not fine and so was confined mostly to repairs and alterations. Everyone liked Max Cohen, though. He was a wonderful listener. People would come into his shop and tell him all their problems while he bent over the sewing machine or scrutinized his plying needle. And, when they stopped talking, they knew he had heard every word, because he would look at them and say, "You know, there's an expression in Yiddish . . . " and proceed to recite the appropriate folk wisdom to suit their situation. Italian, Pole, or Jew, he responded the same way to all, with the same care and accuracy. Of course, he could have cheated with the non-Jews. He could have said anything in Yiddish and translated it to mean whatever he wanted. But he didn't. He respected people too much to do that.

Lillian entered the bathroom off her bedroom. It used to be convenient to have a bathroom that wasn't down the hall. She hadn't had to worry about putting on a robe before leaving the bedroom. But, now that her children were grown and gone, it didn't matter any more. She could have walked naked all over the house. Even her husband, the banker, wouldn't mind. She hadn't seen him in the seven years since their separation.

She pulled open the glass door of the shower, with its pink and white swan, adrift forever *in vitreo*, and turned on the water. "My father respected too many people too much," she thought. "Even his wife." Lillian remembered that her father would never give up trying to comfort his despondent wife. She knew that his ultimate effort was his insistence that they have Lillian. Ethel had always been awkward with children. Whether she handled them wrong or looked at them wrong, no one was sure, but they always cried and drew away from her. Even when she offered a treat, the child cried and Ethel would say, "See, even the children don't like me." So her husband reasoned that a child of their own would show his wife the affection that she missed. His own love would not do. He knew that.

"And he was right," Lillian said to herself, stepping under the hot water. "Mamma even told me, when I was fourteen, that Papa's love meant nothing to her, because she knew she didn't deserve it. He was a fool, she said, who didn't know any better. I hope my infant love for her was some brief consolation. God knows, when I began to grow up I had no use for her."

Lillian could never understand the genetics of the problem. Her grandmother was beloved of all. She belonged to many charitable organizations and knew hundreds of people well enough to talk to. She never had a bad word to say about anyone. And, her tolerance was matched by her generosity. When she died there were just a few hundred dollars in a savings account. She had given everything else away while she lived. She cooked, baked, and knitted constantly for other people's consumption. And, she had five children,

four of them nearly as good-natured as she and Lillian's mother.

Lillian talked with her grandmother only twice about her mother's problem during the sixteen yers that she knew her. The first time was when she was twelve. "Bubby, why is Mama so sad all the time? Is it because of me?"

"No, Sweetness, it has nothing to do with you. It was just 'besheert'. It was destined to be. I used to feel very bad about it. I thought perhaps it was my fault, that I winked at the devil when I conceived her or that I said something evil to her as a child. But now I don't think so. It was just 'besheert' that your grandfather, may he rest in peace, and I would have this child. I still feel bad, but, Lillian darling, she is the one who really suffers."

"And the second time I spoke to Grandma about Mama," Lillian recalled, "was the day Mama died, this day, Rosh Hashana, whose coming I dread every year." She blotted at the beads of water on her shoulders with a thick mauve towel. Then she looked at herself in the well-lighted mirror while she brushed and blew her hair dry. "My God, I look awful," she said aloud, "But no makeup. No makeup today." Sidney, her husband of twenty years, had liked the way she made herself up.

"You're gorgeous without it, but you're a different gorgeous with it," he used to say. And when they had separated and she lived for two years in Venice, her youthful, curly-haired lover called her "cara" when she went without makeup, and "amoretta" when she wore it. But no cosmetics today. Today Lillian had decided she would go to the synagogue for the first time on Rosh Hashana since her mother died. She thought perhaps she would find some comfort in the ritual she had deliberately avoided for so long. She chose a black light wool dress with red shantung piping around a short collar and at the ends of the three-quarter sleeves. She dressed quickly and went to the kitchen downstairs. Lillian boiled water for instant coffee and cleared the small white breakfast table of the remains of her evening meal. She put a plate, a glass, and a fork into the sink and then threw an aluminum dish, half-full of uneaten frozen macaroni and cheese dinner, into the trash. When she had been married and raising her son and daughter, Lillian, like her grandmother, had loved to cook. Now she had her mother's attitude: you work for hours and it's eaten in a few minutes.

While she drank her coffee, she began to think of the Rosh Hashana she had feared thinking about from the moment she awoke. "Go ahead," she thought. "Think about it. Get it over with now or you'll do it at the temple, and that won't be good. Think. It was a sunny morning like this one. You were excited because Mama said she wasn't going to services that day. Papa was concerned and asked if she wasn't feeling well. But you were happy because it meant that you could go downstairs and walk to the synagogue with Grandma and that you'd be able to sit alone with her. You'd enjoy the smiles from all her friends, and listening to her sing the prayers in Hebrew, watching her follow the words with her wrinkled finger.

"I just about skipped around the house, getting out my best shoes. They were black patent leather. Putting on that black veil, with the little birds woven into the mesh," Lillian remembered as she backed her white Peugeot out of the ivy-covered garage. She got out of the car and closed the garage door, almost jumping off the ground to get it started.

On the way to the temple, Lillian wondered, "How long has it been since I went to temple? It seems a long time. I must have been that Greenfield bar mitzvah several years ago." She recalled the diminutive pasty Greenfield boy, hardly visible behind the lectern on the dais, reading his prayers in awkward transliteration. She was proud of her own son's performance twelve years before. He had reminded Lillian of her father in his sweet-voiced and graceful rendition of the prayers.

Lillian was impressed with the figure of the young policeman, on duty on the street in front of the temple. He waved her into the parking lot and she smiled at him, thinking, "No one would have dared drive to the synagogue on Rosh Hashana in the old days. You would have expected to be struck dead behind the wheel. And now, look, they need a traffic detail!" She parked quickly and got out of the car, taking with her a charcoal-gray crocheted shawl, which she wrapped around herself as she made her way up the walk to the doors of the temple.

"Lillian, how are you, dear?" exclaimed a voice behind her. She turned without stopping. It was Esther Rudnick, a red-haired woman she had played canasta with every week years before. Lillian saw her rarely now, mostly at the supermarket.

"Hello, Esther."

"I haven't seen you in ages. Where have you been hiding yourself lately? You didn't go back to Europe this year, did you?"

"No. Not for four years," Lillian replied. "I've been here mostly. And I went to my daughter's last month for a few weeks."

"Is she still living in Fort Lauderdale? . . . Oh, here we are already. Listen, happy New Year, Lillian dear, and we've got to get together soon. I'll call you. Or you give *me* a call. Yes, Ed, I'm ready. Put on your yarmulke and go in."

Lillian followed Esther and her stocky husband through the inner door and into the sanctuary itself. The room was brilliantly lit by two massive gold chandeliers and dozens of wall sconces. She took a few steps down a side aisle, ducked into a row, and sat down. Only after she had sat did she realize that she was in an upholstered individual seat rather than on a long wooden bench. "But, of course," she thought, "they never had benches here." An unshaven man in his late seventies handed her a prayerbook, which he had taken from a bookholder on the back of the seat in front of her. She nodded thanks. He split the book open in her hands and leafed to the right page while she stared at his splotchy red face.

"Here," he said hoarsely. His long fingernail indicated the spot.

"Thank you," Lillian whispered. "Happy New Year."

The service in progress only vaguely resembled the Rosh Ha-

shana of Lillian's youth. Many prayers were recited responsively with the congregation in English. However, the cantor was dressed in a white gown and a puffy white silk cap with a pom-pom, as she remembered. And his voice was equal to the one she recalled from before. But the melodies were different, she thought. More jaunty and celebratory, as if a whole new generation of Jews, no more the victims of discrimination and pogrom, had ascended to the priesthood. "What kind of service is this?" she asked the old man. "Conservative? Reform?"

The old man shook his head. "'Tain't like the old days, votever it is," he said. "I couldn't even use my old siddur." He took from beside him an old prayerbook with a blue embossed cover just like Lillian's grandmother's. She lowered her eyes in sympathy.

When she looked up again the rabbi and cantor were approaching the ark of the Torah. She saw the curtain in front of it, like a well-preserved version of the one from the old synagogue: white satin, with two gold lions rampant on either side of the tablets of the Ten Commandments, above which hovered the crown of God. The congregation stood, anticipating the revelation of the scrolls. The rabbi raised his hand to the curtain and pulled it aside.

Lillian instantly recalled the chintz curtain in the pantry archway of her childhood home. It had allowed her mother to shut off the unsightly storage room from the kitchen whenever anyone came for dinner or tea. Ordinarily it would not have been drawn.

"That's why I sensed something strange," Lillian thought. "The curtain was pulled across the pantryway. I had left Grandma downstairs after coming home from the service. She had told me to go upstairs and ask Mama down to her apartment for mandel-bread and tea. When I saw the curtain, I thought maybe Mama expected us to come to our apartment for tea. But there was no kettle on the stove. The table was bare."

"Hear, oh Israel, the Lord, our God, the Lord is One," sang the cantor. The Torah was removed and placed on a heavy-legged mahogany table. Everyone sat down.

"I went to Mama and Papa's room to see if she was lying down. The door was open, but I didn't look in directly. 'Mama,' I called. 'Are you resting?' No answer. I poked my head around the doorjamb. No one there. The chenille bedspread was undisturbed."

"You may sit down now." The old man tugged at Lillian's elbow. "They're reading the Torah. You can sit."

"Oh, thank you," she said, and sat down, thinking. "I looked all over the apartment. I even went out on the back porch, unhooking the screen door, which she couldn't have locked from the outside. But I would not look in the pantry. I knew I shouldn't look there. Mustn't look." Lillian's left hand began to tremble and the prayerbook shook.

"I went down to Grandma's and told her I couldn't find Mama. Grandma must have seen the bafflement in my face."

"Maybe she's lying down, Lillian," she said.

"No, I looked in the bedroom, Gram."

"My God, what is the trouble, child? Is there something wrong?" Grandma, in her slippers and the holiday dress she hadn't yet taken off, hurried to the back door. The teakettle sputtered on the stove.

"'No Gram, let me!" I pushed by her in the back hall and bounded up two stairs at a time back to our apartment.

"*B'Roch Hashana yikatavoon, oov'Yom zom Kippur yachasamoon,*" chanted the cantor. "On Rosh Hashana it is written, and on Yom Kippur it is sealed." This time the melody was exactly as Lillian remembered, quavering and fateful. She looked up from her seat toward where her mother would have sat, had there been a balcony. She saw only the gleaming chandelier.

"I drew back the curtain," Lillian remembered, clutching at the material of her dress in her lap, "and she was there, hanging by a bathrobe belt from the rusted chain that held the pantry light fixture. The little yellow stool lay on its side by the icebox.

"And then Grandma came. Then Papa got back, thank God, to get her down. I think. Or did Grandma do it herself? I never knew. When the doctor got there he went to the bedroom to examine her and pronounce her dead.

"So it was while we waited for the rabbi that I spoke to Grandma for the second time about Mama," she thought, as the service ended. "Grandma, didn't Mama believe in God?" she had asked.

"Yes, she did, my darling," Grandma had said. "She did believe in God. But she thought He had forgotten her." Grandma began to cry. "And she was . . . your Mama was . . ."

"She was what, Grandma?"

"Wrong," Grandma answered. "She was wrong. God doesn't forget anyone. It was me. I forgot your mother. It was always easy to keep busy, and to help her I lacked something. By the time your father married her it was too late."

Lillian realized for the first time that if her mother was wrong in thinking God had forgotten her, her grandmother was also wrong in giving up on her daughter. "I know now what loneliness Mama must have felt," she thought, "but it doesn't have to be a curse. Mama saw it early and was wounded beyond the power of dear Papa to console. Only Grandma might have helped her, but Grandma never faced the loneliness of life. She turned her back without seeing that the pain she might have shared with her daughter would have saved her from ignorance and Mama from despair."

The familiar prayer for the dead concluded the service. Lillian did not stand with the mourners but she said "amen" with them at the end.

"*Gut yontov,*" she said to the old man as she stood to leave. "Happy Holy Day."

"Listen," he said to her, folding his prayer shawl. "My name is Max Adelman. I live on Birch Road with my daughter and son-in-law. Next year, please God, you'll go with me to New York to the Orthodox service?"

"Yes, Max," she said, "I'd like to do that, as my grandmother used to say, *'Zoll wir leben ibber a yohr.'*" Let us live through the year.

THIRD WORLD

INTERVIEW

Efren Barradas

As a new feature of the Third World Voice the following interview is the first in a series of articles to highlight the activities of faculty and students from third world countries. The political and economic subjugation experienced by third world countries and the backdrop this creates for the continuous struggle engaged in these areas of the world leads to the focus of this series. Through the following interviews portraits will be drawn of members of our campus community who are concerned and working for a progressive change in Latin America, Asia, and Africa.

Efrain Barradas is the focus of our first interview. He is a professor of Spanish and Latin American literature at U Mass-Boston. Barradas has been working on magazines in Spain, Puerto Rico and New York for many years and has also published two books, "Erejes y Mistificadores" in 1980 and "Para Leer en Puertoriqueno" in 1982. Professor Barradas is currently a member of the editorial board of *Areyto* magazine which is published in New York.

In this interview Efrain Barradas discusses his views on literature, politics and the connection between these issues and Latin American intellectuals. He also discusses a recent conference he attended in Cuba this June which was called to deal with these topics.

Question — Efrain, as an intellectual from Latin America who has been working in the U.S. for a long time, how did you view the international meeting of Latin American intellectuals that took place in Cuba in September of 1981?

Answer — It was of great importance for Latin America in general because it represents a new gathering of forces of Latin American intellectuals of different political opinions, trying to form a united front for the defense of Central America and the Caribbean. Even in the particular circumstances of Central America at the moment, Latin American intellectuals have decided that minor political differences should be discarded and that a united front should be formed to try to defend the positions of the Latin American intellectuals. Therefore, I see the gathering of intellectuals in Havana in 1981 as a very positive step after a period of lack of unity among intellectuals, and this positive step pushes Latin American intellectuals toward a unified front.

Question — Why in 1981 and not before?

Answer — First of all the international encounter was the result of a long history of gatherings of Latin American intellectuals. This was not an isolated case. The importance of this meeting was the size; it was the biggest gathering of Latin American intellectuals held for a discussion of this sort. Now, why particularly in 1981? Well, because of the emergency of the political situation in Central America. It has been the urgency the case of Guatemala, El Salvador, and Honduras that has forced Latin Americans toward this absolute need of gathering forces.

Question — Within the context of the current situation in Latin America, characterized by heavy political tension between U.S. and Central America, do you see any change in the cultural expression of Latin American writers, and specifically of Cuban writers?

Answer — Yes, I do see a change, but it is a change towards the broad attitudes that you will find at the very beginning of the formation of cultural institutions. What I find that is happening in Latin America in literature, particularly in Cuba at the moment, is that you have more cosmopolitan views of Latin American literature. That is a view opposite of the one that has domi-

nated for several years. So my impressions of the intellectual climate that persists in Cuba at the moment is very positive and it is a return to the original principles that were dominant in Cuba's cultural climate during the early 60's at the beginning of the revolution.

Question — So you are saying that there is a new wave or new form of cultural expressions in Cuba now?

Answer — Yes, but you have to understand that the Cuban art and intellectual climate has been persistent throughout its history after the revolution. You have different forces trying to dominate the Cuban cultural climate but at the same time you always had a strong force of intellectuals who had a very open, non social-realism attitude which has been dominant in Cuban literature and I think that is evident also at the moment. That is why I consider the climate in Cuba, for its culture in general; literature, movies, music and painting in particular, very very important.

Question — Could you elaborate on the question of different positions in Cuban literature, and tell us the main or the dominant tendencies within Cuban cultural activities?

Answer — To say that there is a main position would be a bit dangerous. What I am saying is that the Cuban political climate and the Cuban cultural climate is diverse. You have different tendencies, different groups that propose different solutions to the problem of Cuban literature in general. They all concur on one important point and that is that all the art is created for the betterment and the defense of the revolution, but there is no one particular esthetic line or esthetic doctrine that dominates. Because this is true I think that Cuban culture in general has been very productive. In the diversity of different tendencies and different minds, you still have a common factor which is the defense of the revolution.

Question — Do you think that it is possible to compare Cuban literature produced during the Socialist Revolution with the literature of other Latin American countries?

Answer — I wouldn't be able to answer that question simply because I think the question presupposes some kind of idea that advancement of progressive artistic development and that is a very tricky question. What I would say is simply that Cuba has served as a center for all Latin American literature, for Latin American writers, painters, musicians, and scientists to know each other since 1959. Latin America before 1959 was dominated by a big sense of isolation. There were a few cultural capitals like Mexico City and Buenos Aires. Cuba then developed as a new cultural capital in Latin America as a place of gathering, which is why institutions like Casa de las Americas were formed. What has happened is that Cuba has not been able to live all the cultural processes that other countries like Mexico or Argentina have lived through. Therefore, you have differences in certain ideologies or literary tendencies in those countries but to compare them and say which is producing the best literature would be unfair. There has been great development in the Mexican novel in the past few years. As a contrast, this is not happening in let's say Argentina but there is development of the short story or the development of an important school of poetry in Columbia. So, you have different things happening in different countries and it would be very hard to compare one with the other so I will limit myself to only answering the first part of the question on the role Cuba has played and that has been the role of the meetinghouse, the role of the common place where people meet and exchange ideas.

Question — This might be true but I think that the social conditions created by the revolution in Cuba have given them an advantage over other countries which are suffering all kinds of oppression.

Answer — That is especially so because there are material needs given to the artists, especially to the young people just starting. They have special training programs for them, and thus, young artists, musicians and painters are given all the opportunities to develop their capacities. That is definitely something that has characterized Cuban culture in the past 20 years. All forms of art are accessible to the people in Cuba. So in that sense Cuba is a great example to the rest of Latin America. The people themselves have access to all this contact with the arts which does not happen in the rest of Latin America.

Question — Does the Latin American intellectual living in the U.S. have any participation in this process of unification of Latin American writers?

Answer — The main purpose of my most recent trip to Cuba last June was exactly that. I participated in a group of Latin American intellectuals who lived in the U.S., and are trying to work on some kind of committee to back the resolutions of the gathering of intellectuals held in Havana in 1981. This has a long history that goes back to the beginning of the revolution. Many of the Latin American intellectuals, especially the Cuban intellectuals who went back to Cuba, had lived in the U.S. and had a lot of contact with Latin American exiles in the U.S. and also with North American intellectuals. Also, in Cuba you now have the publication of books by Latin American intellectuals who lived in the U.S. Recently, for example, the big award of Casa de las Americas was won by a Chicano writer. Another example is that two years ago an essay award was won by a Puerto Rican writer who lives in New York. Therre are many books published in Cuba by Latin Americans who live in the U.S. so the presence of Latin American intellectuals in the U.S. has always been a constant in the cultural development of Cuba. Thus, my most recent trip to Cuba was connected with that. What we did was organize this committee that is now functioning called Union Nuestra America (UNA) which tries to serve as a meetinghouse, a contact point for Latin American intellectuals who live in the U.S. and who are aware and conscious and want to do something about the possible intervention in Central America.

Question — Do you think that the Latin American immigration has contributed to the creation of a new Latin American literature made in the U.S.?

Answer — The issue of Latin American presence in the U.S. is an extremely complicated issue that goes back to the very origins of this country and to the very origins of its relations with Latin America. One example is the case of Chicanos who have been in this country for centuries because they were originally living in territory that is now part of the U.S. One of the things we did discover in our meeting in June was the complexity of the issue of Latin American intellectuals living in the U.S., the differences between Chicanos and Puerto Ricans, or the great differences between Argentinian exiles and Puerto Ricans. The complexity of the realities of Latin Americans living in the U.S. is tremendous. That is one of the things that this organization is trying to work with in an attempt to develop some unity for these people.

Question — Professor Barradas, could you clarify or elaborate a little more on the main goals of the Union Nuestra America?

Answer — One of the principal goals of

this committee is to make Latin American intellectuals living in the U.S. aware of the present danger threatening Central America. However, it is not exclusively a political organization per se but it is a cultural organization. It is up to the committee itself to determine what kind of activities it might have. Basically, what we are trying to establish as a first goal is to make Latin American intelletuals who live in this country aware of their duties. Because we live in this country we have knowledge and information about certain actions that are being taken against our countries and we also know what has to be done in order to assure the political autonomy of Central America and the Caribbean. Because this is so, that knowledge gives us a greater responsibility and we want to make Latin American intellectuals aware of this responsiblity. Union Nuestra America (UNA) is not a political party, it is not an organization of any other sort. It is a cultural organization that tries to unite Latin Americans living in this country and make them aware of their responsibility to Latin America and its right to hold its own destiny.

Report on Lebanon

1881 — The Jewish immigration to Palestine began following anti-Semitic persecution in Russia.

1896 — Herzl published his book *The Jewish State*, one of the basic texts for the Zionist ideology, where he proposed the creation of a Jewish State, preferably in Palestine.

1897 — In Basel, Switzerland, the first Zionist congress took place which approved the agricultural colonization of Palestine.

1917 — Balfour, chancellor of England defends the idea of a "National Home" for the Jewish nation.

1917–1948 — By the end of the first World War, France and England divided the Ottoman empire between themselves. Palestine fell under British control in 1923. The English administration made the Jewish immigration easy. Following the Nazi persecution, Jewish population reached 27.6 percent of the total population in Palestine.

The Arabs' opposition to the English policy was each time more intense. Large Palestinian and Arab demonstrations took place in 1920, 1921, and 1929. By 1936–39 many armed rebellions were organized by Arabs and Palestinians when England started the creation of a "Jewish home."

In 1942 a Zionist congress in New York demanded of England the official creation of a Jewish State. At this time, the Jewish population in Palestine was nearly thirty percent of the total.

In November 1947, the U.N. approved the division of Palestine into two States: one Jewish and one Palestine. This U.N. resolution gave fifty-four percent of the Palestinian territory to the Jewish State. Arabs and Palestinians rejected it and considered it as violation of Palestinian rights.

July 1948 was declared the birth of the Israel State and since this time the Arab-Israeli conlict has been permanent and increasing in savagery.

1947–1949 — The first Arab-Israeli war. As a consequence Palestine ceased to exist, Israel occupied 80 percent of the country, the rest of the territory which Israel failed to occupy became known as the West Bank and the Gaza Strip.

1953 — The popular leader Gammal Abdel Nasser took power in Egypt and began the first steps toward an Arab unity. Three years later Israel occupied the Gaza Strip during serious clashes between Egyptians and Israeli troops.

1959 — A group of Palestinians, led by Yasir Arafat, organized the first political-military movement in Gaza. This organization became known as Al-Fatah.

1964 — Al-Fatah and other Palestinian liberation movements founded the PLO (Palestinian Liberation Organization).

1967 — The second Arab-Israeli war changed the geographic map of the Middle East. Israel attacked Egypt, Syria and Jordan, and occupied Cisjordania, Gaza, the Golan Heights and the old part of Jerusalem.

1967–1982 — During these years the Palestinians and their political and military organization (P.L.O.) became more autonomous from the Arab countries. The armed struggle grew more intense between the PLO and Israel.

*In November 1968, in the famous battle of Al-Karameh, one Israeli military battalion was destroyed by the PLO. This increased the confidence of the Palestinian civilians in the PLO.

*In 1970, King Hussein of Jordan unleashed a bloody attack against the PLO military bases. Thousands of Palestinians died; this episode is known as "Black September." Since this year the more important political-military nucleus of the PLO moved to Lebanon where they have had a close relationship with the progressive forces of Lebanon.

*1974 — The P.L.O. won one of their most important political and diplomatic achievements: Yasir Arafat was invited to the U.N. to speak and the PLO was declared the legitimate and official representative of the Palestinian people. The Palestinian right to a motherland was recognized by the U.N. In his speech, Arafat reaffirmed the right of Palestinian people to their independence and self-determination; he also argued for the creation of a Palestinian State.

*1982 — The Israelis invade Lebanon devastating West Beirut and causing a military setback for the PLO after heroic resistance.

Report on Lebanon

Willian Henriquez

Why did Israel invade Lebanon? Why does the horrible massacre of Palestinian civilians in West Beirut continue? The answers to these questions have to be found in the recent history of the Arab-Israeli conflicts and the historical development of the state of Israel.

Before Israel was established as a nation in 1948, Palestine was an Arab country. The founding of this Jewish state was based on the growing immigration of Jews to Israel and the establishment of strategic settlements to create a human wall along the borders with neighboring Arab countries. Israel was set up on nearly eighty percent of Palestinian land. The Arab population of Palestine (two thirds of the total population of the country) were displaced and became refugees scattered throughout the Middle East and beyond. Palestine was dropped from the maps of the world, and the world community ceased to regard the Palestinian people as a national entity and began to deal with them simply as groups of unfortunate refugees.

From the beginning, Israel put into practice all kinds of violent methods to accomplish the goals of their unlimited expansion program such as forcing Palestinians out of the occupied territories, issuing illegal decrees, and authorizing the military to confiscate Palestinian lands where they could then build settlements. Israel also took advantage of the marginal situation of Palestinian peasants, depriving them of access to water, tools and other materials they needed to work the land. This compelled many Palestinians to seek other ways to earn a living, which is quite difficult since there are few employment opportunities and the Jewish occupation authorities initiated absolutely no agricultural or industrial development for the Palestinian Arabs. Furthermore, Palestinians were prohibited from digging wells to obtain water for their land.

In the early 1960's, facing the prospect of extinction as a people who suffered the loss of their homeland and the indignity of a denied national identity, the Palestinians began to recover from their trauma. Slowly, they sought to rebuild their shattered society. In 1964, a large number of Palestinian personalities representing Palestinian communities throughout the diaspora convened in Jerusalem and created the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) in an effort to reorganize the Palestinian people and lead their crusade for the reconstitution of Palestine. The PLO took up armed struggle which permitted the Palestinian people to rid themselves of the stigma of being mass fugitives in their own country and refugees in concentration camps. Throughout many years of armed conflict the Palestinians compelled the world to see them as a real movement which represents their nation.

By the 1980's, the PLO had already accumulated great support in the population which still lived in the occupied territory of Gaza and Cisjordania as well as in Lebanon. The PLO achieved important support from the international community, including the United Nations, and the diplomatic recognition of many Arab and non-Arab countries. This continued growing support of the PLO clashed with the Zionist dream of "Greater Israel" and the U.S. interests in the Middle East which is Israel being the protector of the West's oil lifeline and its strategic military position. Within this context, the U.S. has given all types of political and military support to Israel such as $1.3 billion annually in military aid and $785 million in economic support.

The continuing fear Israel and the U.S. have concerning the growing support of the PLO, as well as the division of the Arab countries, created the conditions for the Camp David agreements. Those agreements were presented to the world as an advance step for the peace in the Middle East while in reality they denied the genuine right of Palestinians to a motherland and created the climate for successive attacks by Israel on the PLO, the progressive forces of Lebanon, and Syria.

Egyptian leaders, by signing the Camp David agreements, withdrew Egypt from Arab-Israeli conflicts; the Camp David accords assured that the Egyptian army would be withdrawn to where it would not represent a threat to Israel, thus allowing the Israeli army to concentrate all its force on its northern border and to unilaterally annex the Golan Heights.

Out of this framework came the Israeli invasion of Lebanon this summer with its immediate consequences; destruction of West Beirut, scattering of the political-military nucleus of the PLO after a heroic resistance, and finally the massacres of Palestinian civilians in Zabra and Shahira by Phalangist militias backed by Israeli soldiers.

The Israeli invasion of Lebanon was conceived by Begin and Reagan within the context of the overall redefinition of the regional equilibrium of the Middle East. For them, this army action seems

to have two main goals: 1) the destruction of the PLO as a political and military center of the Palestinian people, 2) the conversion of Lebanon to a satellite country with a "limited sovereignty" under the control of Israel.

To understand the participation of the U.S. in this aggression, it is enough to know that the "Goliath" of the Middle East (as Reagan called Israel) has received more than $200 million in U.S. arms in the first quarter of 1982, twice as much as in the comparable period of 1981, and ten times as much as in 1980.

The total military aid received by Israel for fiscal year 1982 topped $2.2 billion. The consignments included the self-propelled 155mm howzers used profusely to bombard civilian quarters in Beirut and the cluster bombs which Israel deployed on civilian villages during the invasion of Lebanon.

Today, more than ever before, the new situation in the Middle East places Israel as an evident factor in the destabilization of this region. Their aggressive policy of unlimited expansion that made a satellite of Lebanon has denied the possibility of the creation of a Palestinian State in Gaza and Cisjordania; while on the other side Israel attacked Syria and could in the near future attack Jordania.

The most tragic aspect of this catastrophic aggression experienced by the Lebanese nation, which was deeply hurt and incapable of defending itself, was the Palestinian refugee camps. The refugee camps were not defended once the PLO had evacuated, making possible the repetition of the horrible massacres of Zabra and Shahila.

The essence of the problem in the Middle East is the Palestinian cause. As the leader of the PLO said, "War breaks out from Palestine and peace starts from Palestine." With the military setback suffered by the PLO, Palestinian people might have to start from the beginning but it is clear that peace in the Middle East is not going to come with the military liquidation of any nationality in this region. The only possible and realistic solution is the creation of a Palestine State and the respect of the right of existence of both Jews and Palestinians.

Wavelength Magazine is now accepting submissions for our February 1983 issue. Our SUBMISSIONS DEADLINE is DECEMBER 21, 1982. All work should be submitted to our office in building 1, on the 6th floor, room 091. Please make copies of your submissions.

The Real Terror Network; A Book Review

Bill Allen

Even in the sea of cold war propaganda flooding American society, some things do strain the limits of credulity for a lot of people. Examples of this are the Libyan hit squad, the Cuban troops in El Salvador, and most recently the implication made by NBC News that the Soviets were involved in the attempt to assassinate the Pope. Regrettably, in the age of Reagan this type of 'black propaganda' activity can only increase. It is an appeal to fear, this notion of the constant threat of Communist subversion and terrorism injected into our consciousness.

In contrast to this, in a book entitled *The Real Terror Network*, Edward S. Herman has written a straightforward account of world terrorism. Instead of using fear and innuendo, Herman uses the method of sustained logical argument. He subjects the current focus of the state and media on "international terrorism" to piercing scrutiny. The author asserts that the terrorist scare is another variant of the "Red Scare"; a method used by those in power intermittantly over the past hundred years to weaken the labor movement and the political opposition. Herman argues that this tactic also serves to obscure the extent of repression carried out by regimes friendly to the U.S. military industrial establishment.

Herman persuasively argues that the pro-Western dictatorships are the main terrorists in the world. Their network of terror is enormous in size, and of chilling cruelty. The terror results from a particular method of economic development; one in which local elites prostitute themselves in service to the multinational corporations. They allow penetration of their respective economies by foreign interests and generally sell everything to them. These countries get heavily into debt, industrial production declines, and investment in service industries rise. Social services are eliminated for the lower class majority, but tax breaks and concessions for the elite remain intact. Any type of working class organization is savagely repressed.

In defense of this activity, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Kirkpatrick lectures us on the difference between totalitarian and authoritarian states, saying the authoritarian states are our friends since they save people from totalitarianism. Of course it is never implied that the multinational corporations derive considerable benefit from this situation. However, as Herman amply documents, these so-called "authoritarian states" use police spies, torture, death squads, and disappearances to keep the population intimidated and oppressed. For the U.S. elite, whatever savagery our allies commit is constructive—it protects the people from totalitarianism. At the same time it is necessary to exploit the crimes of the totalitarian states to obscure and justify an official policy of looting and vicious repression.

The book is not an impartial work. Herman is in solidarity with the tens of millions of dispossessed peasants in the third world. Corrupt generals and multinational industries have forced people from their land. The people are truly the victims of "supply side economics enforced by the machine gun."

Although *The Real Terror Network* is not impartial, Herman provides clear, well-documented evidence of the grave state of injustice, and of the fierce, sustained repression which is enormous in scope. Then he persuasively argues that the mass media serves to obscure all of this and he demonstrates the ideology and mechanisms necessary to carry out this repression. Herman addresses the full extent of world terrorism, the model of economic development which necessitates terror and the role of the mass media in obscuring this.

The terror network which Herman describes is the group of "military regimes and other dependent tyrannies which have come into power in virtually all of Central and South America, as well as Thailand, Indonesia, the Phillipines, Zaire and elsewhere." To illuminate this phenomenon he presents the reader with the concept of the "National Security State" (NSS), a type of martial law regime which has replaced the constitutional government in at least ten Latin American countries over the past twenty years.

As the name implies, in the NSS the rights of the individual are subordinate to the interests of the state. The doctrine of national security asserts that the struggle against Communism is continuous, for the threat of subversion remains everywhere. In addition the military elite view themselves as the defenders of western civilization and Christianity. Herman says "these military elites and their cadres have been trained to find subversion in any effort or idea that would challenge the status quo in any way—Bible classes, organizing peasants, unions, proposasls for

land reform or tax increases on property and the like." However, the ruling elite ideology differs from Nazism by a complete lack of any populist element. As Herman states, "their ideology combines elements of Nazism with pre-enlightenment notions of hierarchy and natural inequality."

One of the book's central theses is that the NSS's are run for the benefit of a small local elite and the transnational corporations. The vast majority of the people are simply viewed as a means to an end. The side effects of this are "widespread hunger, malnutrition, diseases of poverty and neglect and millions of stunted children." In the NSS, jobs, health care, and economic security are judged to be unimportant by the ruling militaries and their foreign benefactors.

It is terrorism to subjugate people in such a manner. In order to maintain the people in such a state of extreme poverty and without rights it is necessary to use extreme violence. Herman is a thorough student of the human rights manuscripts, samizdats as he refers to them, and he has catalogued them in a form which is concise and hard hitting. He has clearly documented that these genocidal regimes are often a product of U.S. arms, training, and investment.

It is obvious that the top military business and political leaders in the U.S. are afraid of socialist, nationalist, and reformist movements in the third world. They can only mean higher wages and business taxes. Herman makes it clear that this is why these regimes receive U.S. training, advice, and military and economic aid.

Another thesis of the book is that the media obscures this aid because there is a close relationship between the mass media and the businesses which support the NSS systems. Herman points out that the leaders of the media have the same interests as the large corporations, which seek large profits and are interlocked with the rest of the business community.

The horror is extensive and the documentation immense, but U.S. citizens are usually spared this. *The Real Terror Network* provides an elegant and systematic study of the bias of the mass media. Herman offers convincing evidence for his thesis that the major outlets suppress and distort news of conditions in the pro-Western regimes of the third world. A blatant example documented by Herman is that of the First Annual Conference of the Relatives of the Disappeared in Latin America held in San Jose, Costa Rica, in January of 1981. Delegates attended from twelve countries, including representatives of The Mothers of the Plaza de Mayo in Argentina. This conference led to an estimated number of disappeared men, women, and children in Latin America over the past two decades of over 90,000. This event was not reported in any of the mainstream newspapers, magazines, or T.V. networks. It is true, says Herman, that the more respectable organs of the mass media do expose the worst excess of the client states on occasion. This helps to sustain the belief that the free press remains committed to objectivity and some form of truth.

He argues, however, that the media analysis never moves forward. Certain questions and relationships are never raised. The U.S. government, its agencies, military, and businesses, are overwhelmingly portrayed as being strongly committed to the ideals of freedom and democracy. The United States is there to do good, to help the people. The mass media never asks if it's possible that certain powerful interests derive considerable benefit from repression of labor and other popular movements overseas. The degree of savagery practiced by the National Security State regimes is kept in the dark, otherwise the citizens of the U.S. will bring a lot of pressure to bear on the government, as they did during the Vietnam war.

This is not a dull book even though it contains lots of statistical information and cold, hard reasoning. Many of the irrationalities and inconsistencies in official pronouncements which Herman points out are humorous despite the subject. This book will enhance your understanding of the human condition of the majority in the third world, and by using straightforward, step-by-step analysis provide the critical tools necessary for assessing the role of the mass media in our society.

It is clear that the American people prefer to have their tax dollars spent on Social Security rather than on aiding and advising terrorists. To support this, *The Real Terror Network* deserves a wide readership.

Table 4-1
Press Coverage of Abused Persons[1] in the Soviet Sphere and in Eight U.S. Client States

Abused Individuals by Profession and Country	Frequency of Mention in the New York Times[2] 1/1/76–6/30/81	Frequency of Intensive Coverage[3] in the New York Times 1/1/76–6/30/81	Maximum Times Mentioned Where Subject to Intense Coverage
Heri Akhmadi, student leader, Indonesia	0	0	—
Archbishop, Dom Helder Camara, Church leader, Brazil	4	0	—
Bishop Dom Pedro Casaldáliga, Church leader, Brazil	0	0	—
Enrique Alvarez Cordova, political leader, El Salvador	2	0	0
Father Luis Espinel, Church leader, Bolivia	0	0	—
Father Carlos Galvez, Church leader, Guatemala	1	0	—
Alexander Ginzburg, writer, Soviet Union	68	2	20
Kim Chi Ha, poet, South Korea		0	—
Muhammed Heikal, journalist, Egypt	8	0	—
Father Francesco Jentel, Church leader, Brazil	0	0	—
José Luis Massera, mathematician, Uruguay	5	0	—
Zelmar Michelini, politician, Uruguay	5	0	—
Yury Orlov, scientist, Soviet Union	70	2	15
Ananta Toer Pramoedya, writer, Indonesia	0	0	—
Archbishop Oscar Romero, Church leader, El Salvador	36	1	8
Father Stanley Rother, Church leader, Guatemala	0	0	—
Andrei Sakharov, scientist, Soviet Union	223	8	19
Anatoly Shcharansky, writer, Soviet Union	138	5	22
Luis Silva, trade union leader, Brazil	3	0	—
Lech Walesa, trade union leader, Poland	81	4	15

[1]Many of these individuals are discussed in the text of this book; most are or were important within their own countries for achievement in substantive fields (Massera, Pramoedya, Sakharov), for leadership in struggles of workers and the poor for social justice (Walesa, Silva, Camara, Casaldaliga, Espinol, Jentel) and for human rights causes within their states (Akhmedi, Ginzburg, Orlov, Romero, Shcharansky). Six names included are of ultimate victims—Michelini tortured and murdered, his dauther "disappeared;" Galvez and Espinel tortured and murdered; Cordova, one of the top leaders of the broadly based FDR party in El Salvador, tortured, murdered and mutilated by government forces, along with five other top FDR leaders; Romero and Rother murdered. Heikal, a longtime distinguished journalist, confidant of Nasser, and member of the Egyptian elite, fell afoul of Sadat for opposition to a number of his policies, including repression, and was himself imprisoned. Kim, a distinguished Korean poet, has been imprisoned, tortured, and threatened with death off and on for some years.

[2]Based on a simple count of number of times mentioned in the *New York Times Index*.

[3]Intense coverage is defined here, necessarily arbitrarily, as cases where the subject is mentioned six or more times in the *Index* during any consecutive 30-day period.

Table 3-3
The Origin and Spread of the Death Squad in Latin America*

Country	Death Squad Organization	U.S. Role in Introduction of Responsible Government	U.S. Police Training	Numbers of U.S.-Trained Military Personnel 1950–1980	U.S. Military Aid 1946–1979 ($ million)
Argentina	1973[1]	Acquiescent	Extensive	4,017	263.6
Bolivia	Late 1970's	"	"	4,896	80.7
Brazil	1964	Major	"	8,659	640.0
Chile	1973	"	"	6,883	217.0
Dominican Republic	1965	"	"	4,269	43.0
El Salvador	1963-66[2]	Acquiescent[3]	"	2,097	5.0
Guatemala	1966-67	Major	"	3,334	41.5
Mexico	Early 1970's	Not applicable (government of long standing)	"	1,003	0.1
Nicaragua	Early 1970's	Major	"	5,673	32.4
Uruguay	1968-70	Acquiescent	"	2,806	89.2

*This table is confined to countries in which semi-official death squads are well established—in still others there are unexplained political murders and disappearances of dissenters, and systematic torture. Sources for this compilation are: Amnesty International, *Report on Torture* (1974), *'Disappearances'* (1980), *Testimony on Secret Detention Camps in Argentina* (1980); *Guatemala, A Government Program of Political Murder* (1981), and other AI country reports on the relevant states; the books by Black, Langguth and Lernoux cited in the text and footnotes; Norman Gall "Slaughter in Guatemala" and "Santo Domingo: The Politics of Terror," *New York Times Review of Books*, May 20, 1971 and July 22, 1971; Argentine Information Service Committee, *Argentina Today, A Dossier on Repression and the Violation of Human Rights* (1976); Nacla, *El Salvador* (2 parts, March-April and July-August 1980); on Mexico, see releases of the Council on Hemispheric Affairs on Human Rights dated February 3, 1979 and June 8, 1981; AID, *Congressional Presentation, Fiscal Year 1982*, Annex III (3), Latin America and the Carribean; Nacla, "The Pentagon's Proteges, U.S. Training Programs for Foreign Military Personnel," (Jan. 1976); Michael T. Klare and Cynthia Arnson, *Supplying Repression*, Institute for Policy Studies, 1981, p. 5.

[1]Death squads and systematic torture originated in the Eva Peron era of declining constitutional government—they increased sharply in importance after the military coup of March 1976.

[2]Orden, a para-military network of spies, informers and enforcers was founded by General Medano in the mid-1960s to combat "subversion." One of its functions is to "handle 'disappearances' of community leaders." Lemoux, *Cry of the People*, p. 72.

[3]On the Kennedy administration's support of the military government of Col. Rivera, and the 1972 U.S. support of massive election fraud and a still more repressive military regime (helped along by Nicaragua and Guatemala) see Nacla, "El Salvador—Why Revolution?," *Report on the Americas*, March-April 1980, pp. 13-17.

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FICTION WINNER 3rd

Jesse's Birthday

John Hawkins

The black and white and green glob of mucous enveloped him. He gagged in horror. Kicking and scratching, he fought to deliver himself from the sickening substance that submerged him in wave upon wave of convoluted and grisly phlegm. But now it had almost completely swallowed him, and he was going under with a tremulous shudder. He tried to scream but was once again dragged beneath another wave of the unrelenting gummy fluid as though by the dark power of some savage sea god. Then, with a suddenness that uprooted his soul, he realized that he would not make it — that he was not meant to make it — and with a choking horror that only the innocent sufferer can fully know — he let go —

"—Jesse! Jesse, honey, wake up," the mother pleaded insistently, shaking her son with concerned intensity, unable to check the tears that rushed from her eyes like a corps of paramedics. But Jesse only twisted horribly in response, eyes clenched tight, as though trapped by sleep.

"Jesse," she gasped, jumping into the bed and hauling him up to her breasts in a ravenous embrace.

Then, with a start that shook his mother's heart, sleep let go, and Jesse emerged — awake and weeping onto his mother's undressed breasts which were already wet with her own tears.

"The same one," she inquired between knowing sobs.

"Yes," he said with a slight convulsion.

She squeezed him dearly. Her lovely face was a contortion of wretched torment. She wanted desperately to look into his eyes to reassure him, comfort him, transfer to him some of her maternal strength, but she was terribly afraid for him and dared not let him see, lest the terror of his dreams find strength in her fears and follow him into consciousness.

Instead, still embracing him, she placed her chin on Jesse's black curly hair, which was sticky with perspiration, and stared up at the ceiling, and then down, almost involuntarily, at the cheap crucifix hooked onto the wall over Jesse's bed. She gazed at it for many minutes in blank wonder — unmoved, and yet, transfixed. Her mind wandered dreamily. She had wanted to dispose of the crucifix prior to their move into the present flat; for she was not particularly religious, and the symbol simply did not touch her.

But Jesse had insisted upon bringing it along; he had grown emotionally attached to it. He had found it in the previous flat in a closet that had a stained glass window. It had been buried under a pile of old newspapers. Jesse considered it his mystery toy, for his mother had not informed him of its religious significance. Once, he had pulled the nails from the hands and feet of the little black Christ with a hammer and had used the figure to simulate a 'real' corpse beneath a division of fallen toy soldiers. Another time he had used the figure as a super-hero to combat villainy and injustice around the kitchen chairs, behind the drapes, and in the dark shadows beneath his bed. His mother had discovered him on the last occasion and chided him merrily.

"That's not what it's for," she had laughed, "you're supposed to keep him on the cross, and the cross is supposed to go on the wall."

"How come," he had asked with his little curious eyes, but his mother had already left the room amused.

So he had nailed it back to the cross and hung it from a hook on the wall over his bed. He had all but forgotten it, until it had been time to move again to another flat and he had remembered and brought it along.

But now she knelt in her son's bed, squeezing him into her soaking breasts, drearily pondering the symbol on the wall. She was no longer crying.

"Mommy," squeaked Isaac from the doorway behind her, "is everything okay?"

"Everything is fine, honey. Jesse had another one of his dreams," she replied without turning around.

"Oh," he murmured innocently.

"Why don't you go back to bed, dear," she said softly.

"I'm hungry," he grumbled.

"Go have some cereal, sweetheart. I'll be out in a minute, okay?"

"Okay," he said, scooting off to the kitchen.

Jesse had stopped weeping and was now quietly resting in his mother's warm embrace. She began playing with the black curls of Jesse's hair. She felt an overwhelming surge of love for him that flowed upward from her abdomen to her heart and made her smile. She kissed Jesse's hair and, her previous fear overcome by an enervating love, she slowly disentangled herself from Jesse and peered into his open blue eyes for the first time since coming to his rescue. His eyes were red and cloudy and sad, his face was clenched, and his body trembled. But she smiled fully down at him, her eyes and lips wandering across his face, radiating, warming. He bowed his head momentarily and sighed. When he returned to her face he was softly smiling, his eyes were kindling crisp warm light, and his cold, terrified features were slowly melting. They gazed at each other in silence for awhile — her light shining down on him, his capacity slowly being recharged.

Then there came a crash from the kitchen.

"Oh, Jesus," she muttered, her former fear returning in an instant.

She rushed out of Jesse's room and into the kitchen. Little Isaac was sprawled on the floor in a sea of corn flakes sporting a startled countenance. He looked up at her in the doorway with his tiny arched eyes.

"Sorry, mommy," he said with the bewilderment of innocence, "I slipped."

She realized that he was not harmed and released a gust that was many sighs concentrated. She looked back down at Isaac, who was waiting for her reply, remembered Jesse, and threw her arms up in befuddlement, her breasts flagging.

"Sorry," Isaac repeated, comically tossing a shrug.

She laughed, but with restraint.

"Mommy, how come you're naked," he asked, pointing at her, his voice a small suspicion.

She stopped laughing. Then she foolishly covered herself, aware for the first time of her nakedness.

"Never mind," she said, "just pick up the corn flakes like a good boy," and then sped off nervously to her bedroom for clothing.

Jesse had wandered into his mother's bedroom after she went to the kitchen. He stood at the foot of his mother's bed staring down at Jack, his mother's lover, who lay balled up in the fetal position on the double mattress. He was snoring heavily. On the night table next to the bed was the small rough lamp that Jesse had hammered together in carpentery class for his mother. The light was on and it shone dimly. Next to the lamp was a half bottle of whiskey, an ashtray piled with cigarette butts, and Jack's dog tags. Jesse looked back over at Jack who was naked beneath the thin sheet that covered him. He listened to Jack snore for awhile and grimaced. He wondered if all sailors snored. He doubted that his father would have.

Jesse did not like Jack very much, nor had he particularly cared for any of the ten or eleven other men that his mother had brought home in the five years since his father had been declared missing-in-action. He sometimes missed his father deeply, although his father was almost nothing more than a dark shadow across Jesse's memory now. Jesse felt responsible for taking care of his mother in his father's absence. He was now the man of the house and bore the burden nobly — lending his hand with chores in, out of, and around the apartment; babysitting for four year old Isaac when his mother went shopping or out for a few drinks, and bringing home good grades to please his mother. He sighed as he thought of the weight his young shoulders bore. He could not understand how his mother could continue to bring home such worthless stragglers who might stay for a few weeks, or sometimes a few months, and then desert her as they always did. He grew bitter as he watched the sailor snore, but he did not know why. He vaguely wished his father were home again.

Once, he had pulled the nails from the hands and feet of the little black Christ with a hammer and had used the figure to simulate a "real" corpse beneath a division of fallen soldiers.

"Jesse, what's the matter," his mother asked with a sidelong glance as she hurriedly threw on a blue and white robe that had been tossed across the chair near the bed.

"Nothing, mom. It's just that . . . "

"What is it, sweetheart? It's not — "

"—No. It's nothing. Is Isaac alright?"

"He's fine, honey — thank God. Would you do me a favor?"

"Anything, mom."

"Would you go help your brother pick up the corn flakes from the kitchen floor, while I wake up sleepyhead here?"

"Sure," he whispered and left the room.

She watched him leave. She knew he had been thinking about his father again. But she stuffed the painful memory down into a deep inner pocket of her mind. She did not want to think about it.

She turned to the snoring ball that was Jack and, gently seizing his shoulder, she shook him. The contact startled him. He snorted grotesquely and then wildly threw his arm up as though to ward off an attack. He made contact with Sarah's left shoulder and sent her sprawling backwards. She smashed against the night table knocking the whiskey bottle onto the bed, turning the ashtray upside down, and sending her son's lamp flying against the back wall where the bulb blew out and the wood frame of the lamp disintegrated. She looked at the lamp and nearly cried. She got up in a raging huff and screamed at the still-sleeping sailor.

"Goddamn it, Jack, get your ass out of bed!"

He snorted again and then shot up in a grumpy shock.

"What the hell's the matter," he groaned.

"You knocked me over," she glared, "and broke my son's lamp — that's what."

"Okay, for crissakes relax. I'm sorry — I just woke up — *please* — my head is killing me — what time is it, baby?"

"Don't call me baby! Just get up, Jack!"

"Holy shit. What's your problem? I said I'm sorry. For the love of God, Sarah! Gimme a break. What time is it?"

"It's nine o'clock," she snapped with less intensity but with the same insistence.

"Nine o'clock! Mother of God! What's gotten into you? You know I don't have to be back until two."

"I need you to drive me to the Welfare office. My check is late."

Jack fell back to the mattress with a moan of disgust and would have gone back to sleep had it not been for the heat of Sarah's eyes beating down on him. He rose again, his face a frown of resignation. He could not look at her.

"Okay," he said softly, "okay, but would you please *please* make me a drink before my goddamn head drops off?"

"You've had enough to drink already, Jack. I'll get you some aspirin and water. Get dressed," she said, marching from the room.

Jack bared his teeth at her bounc-

ing buttocks.

"Bitch," he mumbled inaudibly, afraid she might turn around and burn him with her hot eyes.

Then he discovered the bottle in bed beside him and grinned mischievously as he unscrewed the cap and took a thirsty swallow.

"Aaah," he sighed, closing his eyes with intense gratification.

But when he opened his eyes again she was burning down at him silently. He nearly heaved the fresh comforting contents of his stomach. As it was, he gagged momentarily and produced an enourmous wad of phlegm that oozed out of his mouth and crept down his chin. He could not break contact with her frightful eyes.

"Get dressed," she said disgustedly.

Her words broke the spell. He flew up out of bed with a shiver, placed the open bottle on the floor, gathered his uniform together, and zipped out of the room past her and into the bathroom where he nervously closed the door behind him.

Sarah went over to her son's lamp, unplugged it and, cradling the pieces, carried it over to her mirrored dresser and set it down gently. Then she passed out of the bedroom quickly, her blue and white robe flashing behind her like a flickering flame. As she passed the bathroom door, on her way to the kitchen to make breakfast for her children, she knocked on it without pausing.

"Alright — alright. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," Jack's voice grumbled from behind the door.

Sarah fried some eggs for the children — Jesse's 'at sunrise' and Isaac's 'at sunset' — the way they liked them. She mixed herself a Bloody Mary and put coffee-water on the stove for Jack. As always, she let Jesse play hookey on his birthday. But today she was extra pleasant to him — not only because it was his birthday, for which she planned a small surprise, but to try to alleviate any hangover he might have from his dream. She joked with the children as they ate their meal.

After breakfast and showers they all climbed into Jack's old beat up Rambler and headed for the Welfare office on Gray Avenue. Sarah curtailed Jack's feeble attempts at conversation by responding with cold metallic eyes. As a consequence, Jack was miserable and pouted. In the back seat, Isaac plundered through a small platoon of plastic soldiers. Jesse lay stretched out on the back seat gazing dreamily up at the sky.

Despite the fact that it was toward the end of October, it was a warm, bright New England day. The windows of the vehicle were rolled down. Gauzy puffs of pure white clouds hung in scattered clumps from the pale blue sky. There were, however, some menacing clouds here and there but the sun shone through them with refreshing scintillation.

Jesse watched with his soft wistful eyes. In the clouds he saw castles, dragons, and knights. He imagined a great war. The sun was a holy grail and it sparkled down on him now.

Jack could not stand the tension any longer. He flicked another butt out the window and snapped the radio on. His eyes involuntarily checked for approval from Sarah, but she was deep in thought and payed no attention to him, "When tears come down like falling rain/ You'll cry and cry, and call my name," crooned the voice of Hank Williams.

At the intersection of Pleasant and Gray Jack braked for a red light. Oblivious to having covered the crosswalk with his car, Jack gawked stupidly at the pedestrians who glared and cursed at him as they made their way around the front end of his car. Finally, the arrow turned green and Jack turned left onto Gray Avenue.

"Your cheatin' heart will tell on you," Jack yodeled along with Hank..

Jesse giggled at Jack, while Sarah broke from her trance and looked over at Jack with playful laughter in her eyes. Jack sensed condescension and snapped off the radio.

"Well you don't have to mock me," he fumed.

"Whose mocking? It was cute — wasn't it Jesse," she said, turning her cheery face to Jesse.

"It sure was, mom," Jesse laughed.

"It sure was, mom," Jack mimicked.

Sarah, Jesse, and Isaac all looked at each other and roared with laughter. Jack turned beet red — then suddenly burst into laughter himself, but it was mean laughter. Jesse spun an index finger around near his right temple as if to indicate Jack's condition. Sarah smiled girlishly.

"Well, here we are," Jack sighed roughly as he pulled into a parking space in front of the Red Lion Cafe, directly opposite the Welfare building.

"Can't you find a space on the other side of the street," Sarah said.

"Oh, for chrissakes, Sarah! Take a look. Do you see any spaces," Jack barked back.

Sarah searched across the street, but Jack was right — there were no spaces available. She sighed and opened her door to climb out. Jesse and Isaac clambered forward to join her.

"No, kids, stay here. I won't be long."

They fell back disappointed, but obedient.

"Now wait a minute, Sarah. Can't you take the little house-apes in with you," Jack whined.

"No, they'll just get in the way in there. Besides, you're going to be out here anyway when I get back — aren't you?"

Sarah looked at him for a moment. Then she heard the jukebox blaring from within the bar behind her and she understood.

"Goddamn you, Jack! It's Jesse's birthday! Can't you stay sober for that? Besides, you know better than to drink and drive — what the hell's the matter with you? Now are you going to watch the children or not? If not I'll bring them in with me and we can take a bus home."

Jack was gazing at her heaving breasts.

"Okay. Okay, I'll watch them," he replied, turning away.

She slammed the door. The trio watched her cross the street to the Welfare building. Jack ogled after her. He loved to watch Sarah when she wasn't looking. He smacked his lips as she entered the building.

"Mmm-hm," he moaned, "that's some mother you got there, boys."

Jesse would have slew him if his

eyes had had the power. They all sat in silence for awhile. Then Jesse returned to watching the sky, while Isaac returned to his soldiers. Jack stared at the emblem of the cafe. After a few minutes his mouth began to water.

Jesse pondered the sky gloomily. It had changed. It had become dark and threatening, and in a hurry. The clouds were now a grisly black and green. They hung like heavy sacs of pus and they had almost completely swallowed the sun which bled through in stark purplish-red streaks. Jesse twitched at the sudden, far-off boom of thunder. It was going to rain. He turned his face from the sky with a jolt and began distracting himself by counting the cars and trucks as they sped by. Isaac had fallen asleep.

Jack was swallowing heavy as he listened to the jukebox, the crazy laughter, and the clinking glasses emanating from the bar. He wanted desperately to go in. Then an idea came to Jack and he turned around to Jesse.

"Say, birthday boy, how would you like to make a couple extra bucks," he said with a strange smile.

"Why," Jesse stared into his eyes suspiciously.

"Cause it's your birthday, silly," he smirked and whisked the dark curls of Jesse's hair.

"My mother said no drinking, Jack."

"My mommy said no drinking," Jack mimicked with sudden rage, "well tough! I need a drink. You'll get to be my age one day. You'll see."

"You mean you'll get to be *my* age some day."

"Why, you little — . Stay in the car and watch your brother," Jack sneered as he got out of the car, slammed the door, and walked into the bar.

"What a jerk," Jesse muttered as the rolling thunder drew nearer.

"Where'd he go," asked the awakened Isaac.

"To get drunk."

"Let's go find mommy, Jesse."

"No, we should stay here until she returns."

"But Jack's gonna be drunk and mommy won't let him drive and they'll be yelling and screaming."

Jesse looked over at his little brother and smiled. Then he kissed him on the forehead.

"You're right. Let's go find mom. We can take the bus home."

They hopped out of the car and onto the sidewalk and into the dismal light of the fickle day. Jesse shut the door, then clutched Isaac's tiny hand. Two huge black fuel trucks streaked by one another on the divided avenue. Jesse waited until there was no traffic approaching either way and then led his brother safely across the street. On the other side, between cracking peals of thunder, Jesse could still faintly hear the jukebox from the bar. He led Isaac up the cement stairs and into the Welfare building.

Two blocks east on Ocean Boulevard a man in a white Chrysler Imperial pulled up at a stop light. He glanced over at the dark, turbulent water to his right. Overhead, the corpulent clouds kneaded red and black and green around the smitten sun. He turned his face back to the road and rolled up his window as the rain began to fall slowly in small fat drops. Lightning speared a cloud bank and the thunder hissed.

"Nigger," someone shouted from a Cougar in passing by. The arrow turned green. The man in the Imperial slid left onto Pleasant Street, moving further into the Irish-American working class neighborhood. The red Cougar screeched into a U-turn and pursued the Imperial. The three youths in the Cougar yowled as their vehicle fought its way through traffic and dodged pedestrians. Finally, they pulled up behind the Imperial, which had halted for another traffic light at the intersection of Pleasant and Gray. The Cougar honked crazily and the youths hooted with animal eyes. Then one of the youths jumped from the car and ran up to the driver's window of the Imperial.

"You're dead, nigger," the youth raged, savagely tapping his pointer on the window.

The man in the Imperial slowly turned, as if noticing for the first time. He shone his dark sad eyes into his mystery persecutor's face. For a moment the red-haired, pock-marked youth trembled in terror, but then he glanced back at

Paul S. Greenan

his companions, who were flailing and shrieking with foaming glee, and began raging anew, pounding his fists on the roof of the car. It began to rain hard.

The man in the Imperial pulled away from the shouting youths as the light turned green. He took a slow left onto Gray Avenue. The youths pursued with an angry rev of the engine. Half-way down the block, as the Imperial passed by the Red Lion Cafe, the youths overtook him and violently forced his car off the road and into a lamp post which split in two and came crashing down on his roof.

"Wahoo," the youths cried in frenzied unison.

"Okay, Sully, let's get out of here," said the red-haired youth, sobering as he thought of the law.

"Naw, look! He wasn't hurt. Let's get'm," replied the driver, and the youths jumped from the Cougar and ran over to the dazed man in the Imperial.

Two blocks up on Gray, coming in the opposite direction, Gabe Michaelson was freewheeling his rig down the sopping asphalt. He was bobbing in his seat and singing along with the radio, "When will I see you again/When will we share those precious moments," the trucker crooned.

Then he saw the Cougar ram the Imperial into the lamp post. He saw the youths clamber from their car and attack the man in the Imperial. Now they had pulled him from the car and were savagely raining punches upon his face, abdomen, and genitals.

"Holy shit, can you believe that," Michaelson whistled and snapped off the radio. He threw the rig into low-gear in preparation to stop.

Inside the Welfare building a huge receptionist wearing an oily blonde wig had just informed Jesse and Isaac that their mother would be with them momentarily. She motioned the children to seats. Then she unwrapped a Three Musketeers bar and devoured it in a bite and a half. Jesse and Isaac sat down in the hard chairs which were at the end of a long line of poor, white mothers. The mothers sat there nervously chain-smoking, filling out applications, or scanning old issues of *Better Homes and Gardens,* while each waited to be summoned by her respective social worker.

Jesse had only barely heard the crash and commotion outside the building, as it had been mostly muffled by the thick oak doors and steel-reinforced walls. But he sensed that something was amiss because the large, otherwise indifferent head of the receptionist was over at the window peering out into the street.

"Well, I'll be damned," she mumbled through her chewing gum.

Against his desire, but with avid curiosity, Jesse was staring over at the receptionist so as to glean what he could from her expression. Isaac was ogling at a fish bowl full of candies which sat fatly on the receptionist's desk. Isaac could almost taste the butterscotch pieces with his eyes. He peeked up at his brother and, seeing that Jesse was busy deciphering the receptionist, he gave into temptation. Quietly he flashed over to the bowl, plucked a golden goodie, and was gleefully unwrapping the cellophane when the giant receptionist momentarily turned from the window and caught him red-handed.

"Why you little devil! Put that back," she snorted, clapping her hands together harshly, and coming at him.

Forgetting all else but the terror derived from her expression as it quickly and thunderously approached him, Isaac shot past the threatening receptionist and his interceding brother — he was at the heavy oak door almost before they had turned their heads. With premature strength, he threw the huge door open and scampered out. Jesse was running after him in an instant. But the mountainous receptionist stepped in his way and he was thrown off-balance against the hard wall.

"Isaac," he hollered frantically, every mother's face now watchful.

"Couldn't he ask? I would've given'm some candy if he'd asked. That's what it was there for," the receptionist cawed self-righteously.

"Get outta my way, fatty," screamed Jesse as he finally squeezed past her. But then he heard the terrible screech and stopped short of the door paralyzed.

The whirring, whining squad cars had just pulled up behind the Cougar. A small group of drunken rubbernecks milled about outside the Red Lion Cafe. "Big girls don't cry, big girls don't cry," crowed the Cafe jukebox. The policemen were walking nonchalantly over to the youths who had stopped pummelling the bloody black man as Isaac ran sobbing into the middle of the avenue. He was immediately struck down and plowed under the enormous wheels of the oil truck. He was dead in an eye-blink.

Michaelson had averted his eyes for a moment as he approached the Cougar and squad cars. He had turned back to the road too late to avoid the child. Now, the police, the youths, the traffic, the passersby, and the crowd that lingered in front of the Red Lion Cafe — all committed their attention to the source of the shrieking rubber. Eyes peered from second and third story windows, customers stopped shopping. Within seconds an enormous crowd had gathered. Death hung thick in the air.

The rain came down hard now. The black man raised his bloodied face and wept; for he had seen the child swept under the truck. Then the door of the office building opened and Jesse stood there benumbed.

"Oh God! Get an ambulance — get an ambulance," the trucker screeched hoarsely to one of the police officers, though he knew an ambulance would not be needed. He stumbled and fell into a fresh red stream, choking.

"What happened," one policeman asked the trucker, while another policeman radioed for an ambulance.

"He just ran out in front of the truck — I never saw him," the trucker moaned. He shook with the terrible knowledge of what it means to kill.

A couple of officers ran to the side of the truck, but quickly returned. One was throwing up, the other had a hand over his mouth. The crowd swarmed in, buzzing, despite the rain. The street was a river. Lightning slashed across the dark sky. Sirens screamed mater-

nally from afar.

Welfare mothers pushed around Jesse on the landing. The receptionist stood staring out the window, chewing her gum. Trembling, throbbing, aching, Jesse slowly descended the cement stairs and approached his brother's body. He gazed on his brother and his body went still. He knelt down into the streaming water and the swirling gore. Isaac's stomach had been crushed and his face was splayed open. Jesse would not feel the horror. He leaned into the body and kissed his brother's bloody forehead. Jesse found the little golden candy in a small red pool and clenched it in his hand.

"What happened," a new witness asked.

"That guy," replied another, pointing at the kneeling trucker, "just ran over some kid."

"I knew it would happen one day. The way they fly down this street," mumbled a sudden prophet.

"They should have more stop lights," a city councilor's wife pointed out.

"Where the hell's the mother," demanded another woman as she stumbled from the Red Lion Cafe.

"Get out of there, kid. That's nothing to look at," snapped a policeman as he lifted Jesse back into the crowd, horrified to see him covered in blood.

Jesse stood in the crowd silently. He looked up at the black and grey and green rolling sky. The clouds looked like a wounded dragon. Suddenly he was back in his dream again and was being sucked into the churning glob of mucous. But he was no longer fighting it. He lacked that power. He was going to be swallowed.

Then, over the screaming, whirring wails of the ambulances as they arrived in a screeching halt, he heard his mother's haunted shrieks. Then she was before the broken body of her son, her back turned to Jesse, pulling at her hair, tossing her head from side to side, moaning, gasping, and gagging. She was electric with grief.

"I didn't know. I'm sorry. I'm sorry," lamented the now-sober sailor.

But Sarah couldn't hear him and he faded back into the crowd, sick to his soul. Jesse opened his mouth to call his mother, to be rescued, to see her eyes, but he was being swallowed up and nothing was emitted but a small gargle. He fought desperately with himself against the black viscid waves that were submerging him — to reach his mother. But he couldn't move and he couldn't call. Then, suddenly, she turned frantically toward the crowd, clutching her head, her mouth open in a silent scream that no voice could carry, but which made every by-stander tremble. She looked into Jesse's face with her extended eyes, but she did not recognize him. Then Jesse knew that she was mad. She turned back to the corpse. Jesse laughed softly for a moment, and two tears climbed out of his dark eyes. Then he let go.

"Come along, son," said the black man behind Jesse, massaging the boy's shoulders with his bleeding hands, tears running down his beaten face, "come along, I'll take you home."

But it was much too late, for the rain continued to fall, and Jesse had turned to stone.

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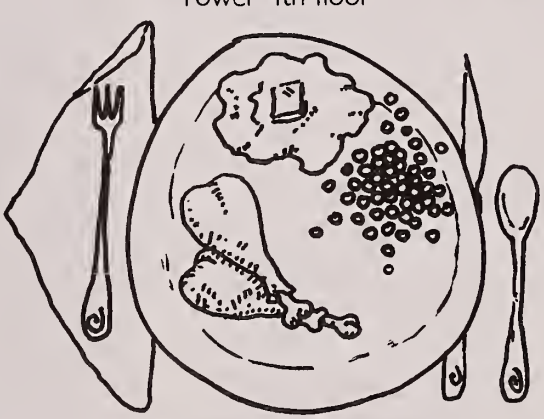

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Tracking in Two Dimensions

Bill Paradis

I woke up feeling out of place, somewhat confused, to a fall-like February day in Dorchester. I dressed and ate by instinct alone, and left knowing only that I was warm. My footsteps knocked cold dust off three flights of wooden stairs; it drifted down slowly in the dry air of the hall. I opened my broken mailbox and removed several envelopes, read them walking down the hill, and discarded the lot in a dumpster on my way to the subway.

I got off the train at Auditorium to slowly climb three more aging flights, past crumpled grey drunkards. I knew two of them by the door pretty well.

"Hiya Jock, Ruby."

"Hey Will. Got any change for an old wino?"

"Sorry Ruby, not today." I shuffled past them and into the street. Ruby's been old and getting by without my change for years now. I've come to like the way he does it.

Outside, the rough bark of oaks whispers to the wind, dry grasses and brittle leaves crush softly underfoot. I hear deer running on the other side of the hill. Just over the crest, a small spring seeps from under a low granite slab. In the soft ground below it, by the rotting dark trunk of a long dead birch, I pick up the trail — four, trotting. I kneel gently by the tracks, feeling their freshness.

A plane banks behind the Hancock, roaring toward Chicago. Twin white trails mingle with the steamy exhalations of the city. The dark buildings glower under the ashen sky, grim microwave towers

Betsy Wirth

loom starkly against the grey. A ragged young hooker mumbles to me on the corner; I flee her battered face, sprinting across the street and into the noon crowd. I slow, but still walk quickly, dodging idlers.

I wear moccassins. For the silent sensitivity needed for deer, only thin supple leather will do. Following the trail I run evenly, surefooted and light. My feet find stones, soft mounds of earth, cushions of moss. The air is softly scented and I breath deep and steady, running.

By the library I slow, panting and dizzy. A bus lumbers away, smoking darkly and staining the street with oil. The crowd here is heavy; I walk cautiously, alert . . . fur-clad women with packages from Sak's, delivery boys, trim young gay men who boldly appraise me, a slowly tapping blind couple. From random corners street people babble and moan, "I need spare change, spare change here, I need spare change, say buddy . . ." Clustered like storm-torn leaves on steps and under arches they litter the city, drying and cracking, waiting to be swept away. I cross Dartmouth Street to the square. Behind the wall, truants from Southie pass a skinny joint and leer at the pedestrians. I walk beyond them on the shaded lawn.

From the crest of an open hill I spot them, foraging nervously below. They nibble tentatively at saplings, or shuffle wet noses through the leaves. The buck pauses, lifting his head to sniff the air, and gazes up the valley. Licking my finger to test the breeze, I mentally chart the terrain. The hill I crouch on curves north, within its arc another rises, lower, oval. The valley slopes down into a brushy swamp to the west. I smell the damp spice of cedars, carried with my scent away from the deer. A large stone borders the faint line of their trail at the bottom of the other hill. There. I duck down below the ridge, heading east, down, away.

Two fire-engines pass, air-horns roaring. Few heads turn. Black smoke rises tumultuously over Tremont Street, sirens and whistles punctuate the steady monotone of traffic. I pass the windows of the IBM building, glimpsing spinning tapes and discs, long-legged keypunchers perched intently at terminals. One glances up as I go by, frowning at my ragged jeans and wild hair. I turn away quickly, embarassed, and accelerate. I cross streets without caution, pass shops and shoppers blindly. Jogging across Arlington, I enter the Public Gardens, feeling suddenly relaxed. By a knotted tree trunk I crouch on the grass, watching the movement on the street. A curious squirrel sits up and stares.

Walking around the base of the hill, I come to the boulder from the north. I lie gently on the leaves and peer out around it. The deer have moved slowly toward the shelter of the swamp. I slip back behind the rock to wait.

It takes longer than I anticipate. Crouching with aching knees I struggle to keep my balance. I try to calm the air around me, silently breathing in deep even rhythm. I hear the gentle footsteps approaching, the soft snap of a twig, close my eyes, and start slowly counting.

At ten I leap up, screeching. Surprisingly close, the buck stares at me with huge, terror-filled eyes. He seems rooted, but his soft black nose twitches franticly, and beneath his rack his ears quiver like furry radar. Intensely alert, blood pounding in my temples, I wonder if he'll charge or flee or die of fright right there. With a sudden short whining grunt he wheels and runs, scattering the does and yearling behind him. They follow in panic, racing up the hill from which I spied them, and disappear over the top.

I turn away from the looks of those near enough to see me. They shrug and move on. I begin walking to Park Street, grinning, wide-eyed. I break into a trot, then speed up, dashing madly toward the station, to the cool dark tunnels.

At ten I leap up, screeching. Surprisingly close, the buck stares at me with huge, terror-filled eyes. He seems rooted, but his soft black nose twitches franticly, and beneath his rack his ears quiver like furry radar.

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ESSAY

Love's Ardent Writer

Lisa Mary Sama

Harlequin, Silhouette and Dell Ecstasy are just a few of the many lines of romance novels that have become the most popular source of reading material in the United States. It has been estimated that over twenty million American women between the ages of twelve and eighty read these books. According to the May 9*th* edition of the *New York Times Book REview,* " 'brand name romances' now bring the mass-market paperback more than two-hundred million dollars a year, [which is] approximately one-quarter of their total income." At one time only supermarkets and variety stores carried the romance novel. But now, because of their popularity, bookstores have also stocked their shelves with these novels. In fact, romance novels are the most popular and highest grossing items in most bookstores.

A decade ago, when the romance novel first appeared in America, its format was unvarying. The typical novel, published in the early 1970s consists of sixty thousand words (about ten chapters). The action begins with a young virgin meeting a handsome but abrupt man ten years older than she. The heroine despises the hero at first but eventually falls in love with him. There is a conflict between the two and they break up. The conflict is eventually resolved, and they get back together again. They usually decide to marry, but they *never* consumate their relationship until *after* they are married. Today, this format has changed. While the novel still is sixty thousand words, the characters have been transformed. The women are not necessarily young or virgins; they are career women, strong and independent. When they meet "Mr. Right," they don't usually wait for marriage to consumate the relationship. In some romance novels, the heroine and the hero are in bed by the second chapter. The romance writer of today must follow only two rules in keeping with the format of the romance genre: the novels should be free of violence, and there must always be a happy ending.

Many literary critics have criticized romance novels as being imitations of real literature, whose plots are often trite and lacking originality. I wonder if these critics have ever read a romance novel; their criticisms appear to be merely opinions made without substantial evidence. Romance novels are often well written and enjoyable reading. The sexual encounters between the heroine and hero are not described in detail, which is a welcome change from the graphic bedroom scenes that permeate other types of fiction flooding the market today. They are also free of violence. The reader is offered hours of escape from a world filled with crime, unemployment and financial problems. Many women who are considered non-readers have begun to read romance novels because they are interesting, short in length, and easy to read. It is probably better that these women read romance novels than nothing at all.

The authors of romance novels are usually women (popular romance author Jennifer Wilde is actually the pseudonym for writer Tom Huff). Some of the novels of the popular female romance writers, such as Barbara Cartland, Danielle Steel, and Janet Dailey, have spent a number of weeks on the New York Times Bestseller List. The majority of romance writers are women who work as anything from a bank teller to a housewife, for whom writing romance novels is an enjoyable hobby. This is true for Barbara Delinsky.

Mes. Delinsky, who writes under the pseudonyms of Bonnie Drake and Billie Douglass, is a thirty-six year old housewife who began writing romance novels two years ago. Mrs. Delinsky is married to the Massachusetts Assistant Attorney General Steven Delinsky, and is the mother of three boys — Eric, 12 years old, and twins Andrew and Jeremy, 7 years old. She received a B.A. in Psychology from Tufts University and an M.A. in Sociology from Boston College. Although she is one of the more popular romance novelists, Mrs. Delinsky (who calls herself "a romantic at heart") never took advanced writing courses in college.

Mrs. Delinsky began writing romance novels two years ago after she read a newspaper article about women who write them for a living. Her youngest children had started kindergarten and she needed an outlet to occupy her day. Before this time, she had never read a romance novel. ". . . I went out (for the first time) and bought a whole load of these books . . . I probably read between thirty and forty of these in two months." Each night as she read one of these romance novels, she sat with pencil and paper, outlining the formula of the romance novel. "The formula, very generally speaking, is . . . 188 pages or ten chapters. In chapter one man meets woman. At the end there is a happy ending. In between there are all kinds of misunderstandings and obstacles they have to overcome in order to reach the (happy) ending."

Mrs. Delinsky also discovered that it is fairly easy to have a romance novel published. "You finish a manuscript; you submit it; it's bought; and, then they pay you." After researching the formula of the romance novel, Mrs. Delinsky decided that the setting of the first book would be in Brazil, and that the heroine would be a photographer (the author's hobby). Within three weeks she completed her first novel; six weeks later Dell Publishing bought it. At that time, Dell had just formulated the Dell Ecstasy Line. Mrs. Delinsky's novel was to be included in this line. The Ecstasy Line was a great breakthrough for Dell because mature heroines, rather than young virgins, were, for the first time, introduced into the romance novel. "With the Ecstasy Line, I was given loads and loads of freedom. . ."

Peter Jukovsky

Mrs. Delinsky has earned as much money writing as she would have working at a full-time job. Money is secondary, though; writing has changed her life and given her real purpose. "My days are really very, very filled . . . Writing has given me an independent identity. I have traveled . . . I have met people. And I have established very close friendships." Mrs. Delinsky looks toward the future: "I have three sons. I believe firmly that you raise your children to let them go . . . Come the time I let them go, where am I? After having a husband and three sons, and all of a sudden there's just my husband and me — well, that's quite a thing. I want something that's going to bring me through . . . This field has been good to me. My agent (Steven Axelrod of the Sterling Lord Agency) told me that he sees my career continuing until I decide to stop. . ."

Mrs. Delinsky believes that romance novels have always been popular. "Romance novels have been popular for years. Novels like *Madame Bovary* and novels by Jane Austen are romance novels . . . What is happening now is that people are admitting that they read this type of book." Romance novels are also reasonably priced. The average paperback novel (not of the romance genre) costs something between $2.95 and $4.95. Trade novels (oversized paperbacks) sometimes cost as much as $11.95. The romance novel, in comparison, is priced somewhere between $1.75 and $2.50.

Mrs. Delinsky, however, believes that the romance novel's popularity will eventually decline. Publishing houses are beginning to introduce more and more romance novel lines to the public. This means that more than thirty romance novels will be published each month. "The readers are getting a little fussy and they are beginning to read only (novels by) their favorite novelists."

Mrs. Delinsky's next book will appear in bookstores in November. In her new novel a man and a woman suffering from insomnia meet in a sleep lab. As usual, they fall in love and problems occur that endanger that love. As is the usual formula of the romance novels, they are sure to resolve their differences and "live happily ever after." Mrs. Delinsky's new novel will, most likely, be very well received by her readers.

Mrs. Delinsky is very serious about her work and believes that romance novels should be classified as good literature. "I wouldn't be surprised if one-hundred years from now the romantic novel will be presented in college English classes as well-written literature of the twentieth century."

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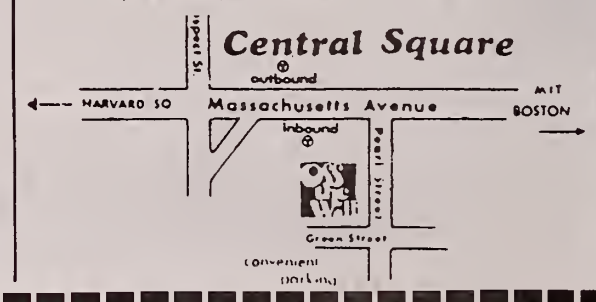

The Mass Media

The Mass Media

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Wavelength Arts and Literary Contest
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COMMUNITY ACTION

West Broadway Task Force
Women's Health Research Conference
Hand to Hand Program (Chinatown)
Child Care Programs

RSO's

There are 100 RSO's (active) on-campus
For Information 010-4-181 Ext. 8260.

SPECIAL SERVICES

Advocacy Center

The Pub	Brian Campbell
Cosmo's Cafe	Jaci Hull

ELECTIONS will be held in late February/early March. Nominations will be open in December.